TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

There are lonely hours in everybody's life no matter how comfortable the surroundings may be. Talking about surroundings, how little they amount to sometimes. Poverty with its scantily furnished rooms and bare floors has moments of exhilaration and even exaltation when the most palatial upholstery, rich-hued curtains, velvet carpets and mahogany, could not add to the beauty of the room. In these bright hours, surroundings amount to very little; even coarse and complaining people can be tolerated, the skies are so bright, the breezes so gentle and the atmosphere so invigorating, but again to such homely apartments there often comes an awful bitterness, and in the hearts which have been gay a fierce rebellion ready at times almost to shed blood, in the eagerness to change the curse of those bare walls even for the less friendly shelter of a prison or the grave.

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But if poverty has its bright hours and sad ones, so there comes to every degree of comfort and culture bright and dark days, and in the darkest ones surroundings mean nothing. The man or the woman has forgotten material things and is sitting in some closed chamber of the heart and sees nothing but the face, perchance the faces, of the past. Everyone who calls, every tap upon the door when either man or woman has retired to that inner chamber, is an irritation and may be answered with fury when at any other hour the visitor would have been met with a kiss or words of welcome.

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I know society women. I know women who have never worn a *decolletée* dress, or been at a ball, still others who have never seen the gay world except in romances, and many, perhaps nearly all of them have closed corners in their hearts, dark, dusty places may be, into which for years perhaps they have not dared to look. When I say they have not dared to look, it is not because the leaves of the book which have been pasted together and closed to all mortal eyes, have written in them any shame, but because therein is contained a chapter of life, a chapter such as comes to the majority of sentimental mankind, which is lovely or unlovely to look back at, which may bring tears when one re-reads it, or which may have about it the halo of romance and the echo of voices. Because this is so it does not follow that either you or I would like to live there always. It may be a beautiful retrospect and yet the present with its companionship, its new and tender ties, its loves, we would not think for a moment of forsaking and going back to that which may be a sweet sorrow or a merely romantic figment.

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In the hearts of men who have lived as men of the world live there are sure to be places of this sort where the feet of wife and children have never trod, and yet if the man could but endure to take his life's companion through that chamber for ever after the curtains would be up and the light would shine into and throughout the corners which have been dark so long, there would be peace and sweetness instead of musty and recurrent sorrow. Irishmen are said to have a great hankering after a grievance. Men of all sorts are the same. They want to hide away some little silly episode and occasionally visit it and sentimentalize in the most profoundly absurd way, but that is only a feature of the many strange impulses which make up that queer machine, a man.

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But then there are other instances where those chambers contain something real. A dead love perchance is buried there, a love that had taken hold of the heart and had lived in it and had warmed all the blood that had gone out from it and now the place of that love is but a sepulchre. Wife, husband, intrude not; no tie that ever was woven, no vow that ever was uttered can permit companionship in such a place. When the time comes for sorrow, when the desolate day settles upon a man and he must revisit the grave let him go alone. It won't last long, not much longer than when you go to drop a tear over the grave of a baby or to plant flowers over the mound that lies heavy upon your heart and covers a husband or a mother. Let him go alone, don't insist upon knowing what is the matter with him. If he wants to tell he will tell, if he wants to keep it to himself and the heart is full of an old memory he may turn upon you, though in his heart of hearts he loves you best, yet at that moment he is living in the past, his worries and anxieties have driven him into exile and he must have a period in which to feel and forget.

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A letter, which has suggested these things, is in my hand, and I want to tell my women friends—for I know by the kindly recognitions I get once in a while that women, as well as men, take interest in the little things I say—do not be too inquisitive. Nothing was ever dragged from a man by the inquisition, except to make unhappiness for others. Do not be suspicious. Where there is one dead love buried in a man's heart, there are a score of friendships equally mourned, which, with the less sentimental man, are more lasting than loves, because they are a man's friendship for a man, and in the everyday life that severed connection is always suggesting itself. When a man is tired, when he has had a business fight all alone, he thinks of some good friend who is gone; that if he were here, things would have been different. The bitterness of now and the sorrow of years ago combine to make him think that the present is but a poor and pallid thing. If, at this point, someone seizes upon a man and insists on knowing what is the matter, he will rebel and say there is nothing the matter, except that he wants to be left alone. Leaving either grown folk or children alone is one of the best things on earth to adjust little troubles. If we are longing for a hand-clasp we can never have again, we do not want to be pestered with questions or to be plied with remedies of a medicinal sort.

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In a woman's life, we men imagine there is a greater tendency to store away keepsakes and illusions than with us, but we can only guess at it, or as we have perchance observed womankind we reason from what we know to what may be. In woman's life I submit there seldom is but one picture in the album, but there never was a woman's album in which there was not one picture dearer to her than any other. Though there may be pictures which at some half-forgotten time were lovelier than the one which is cherished to-day, it does not matter. The one who has the love of to-day should engage every effort to make it the love of always and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he will succeed. When there is a half-smothered feeling in a man's heart that somebody else was dear to a woman years ago he should not starve himself and make misery for her who loves him by pondering over the question as to whether this one or that has been entirely forgotten or whether that old time affection has been obliterated. They may be sure that there is no affection that a woman has ever felt which is ever entirely forgotten. She may want to sit with it some time and, looking into the slow-burning coals, build the might-have-been castles around it and frame it with tender imaginings, but it is only a little sentiment. The things of to-day have a place in her heart, if that heart is given any chance, which are a thousand fold dearer and nearer. Don't quarrel with her if she wants to go and stand beside a grave once in a while, don't ask to go with her. It is an intrusion and no man can afford to intrude upon his wife or his sweetheart. The best loved men are those who believe in themselves and in their wives, who are not full of questions and doubts. If there is any way to keep alive an old love it is by tearing the sods away from it every now and then and examining the remains to see whether life is extinct. Leave it alone. Time fixes all these things. Women may want to weep over the grave of a dead baby, but that does not prevent them from loving the ones who live.

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Sometimes there are burdens which on ordinary days we carry about with us almost without knowing it, but in these lonesome days they seem too great to bear. There are lives which are ordinarily gay and unconcerned, which, when the fog of loneliness and the weakness of doubt and distrust settle upon them, seem barely worth living. Leave them alone. If the man is tired and despondent and seems really indifferent as to whether he eats his supper or lies down to sulk, let him do whichever he prefers. Don't insist on sitting beside him and taking hold of his hand and reciting the domestic mishaps of the day or pouring into his ear the dreadful things that Johnnie has done and the absolutely frightful way in which the boy is wearing out his boots. Withhold the recently received doctor's bill until Mr. Crossatch is recovered, and if you have a millinery and dressmaking bill in the house hide it till some moment of conjugal felicity when he is ready to subscribe to anything.

Another letter I have received tells me the story of a weary man who thinks he detected in last week's epistle certain insight into domestic life, and would like me to say something about the complaining tongue which makes evenings that might be pleasant merely a dark background to memories of the nights he used to spend with a friend when the two were "batching it" together and thoughts of the pipe of peace he used to smoke and the evening paper he once read undisturbed. These things "absolutely make him feel as if the matrimony were a failure." He tells me the wife is careless, comes down to tea "anyhow," in a faded wrapper, uncurled hair and down-at-the-heel shoes, just because they are alone and she supposes he won't mind. Let me tell this badly mistaken lady that John does mind, that he thinks if she ought to fix up for anybody he is pretty nearly the proper candidate for attention. Possibly he is ugly and cranky sometimes, but if she will try the looking pretty act and refuse to notice his ill-temper and wait till the tired look vanishes from his face she will discover him as bright and cheerful as any husband in the city in the course of an hour or two, and she can be sure that if he is undergoing one of those "lonesome fits" he won't be making mental comparisons between her and his first love to her disadvantage. Don't get old-looking if you can help it, learn to live more or less within yourself and then you won't be depending for your good nature or contentment upon the whims of anyone. Possibly you have had a hard day of it and feel almost as crazy as a fly in a drum with noisy children dragging at your skirts, but remember that naturally you have a larger share of patience and that all the hard days there are, have not been assigned to you and that possibly the other partner has been having a wearisome and unpleasant experience for, "men must work and women must weep" all the world over—and in the world ever.

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There has been considerable uproar made because the Mayor and many of the aldermen have suggested that the Ontario public buildings should not be charged more for water service than ordinary residents are charged. Under the present system an attempt is made to get even with the exemption business by charging double rates for water to exempted institutions. This is intrinsically wrong, and the faction which has opposed it is certainly right. Why should we charge more to supply water to the Toronto Asylum for the Insane than we do to a factory or foundry? All these institutions which are exempt from taxation are charged thirty cents per thousand gallons, while other people pay only fifteen. Water, like every other commodity supplied by companies or corporations, is worth so much, and as it only costs us about seven cents, we are making a fair profit when we charge fifteen cents, while we are being extortionate when we charge thirty cents, which has been the rule with regard to Government institutions. There has long been a cry amongst the country people that Toronto is selfish and cares nothing for the province as long as it is prosperous itself. For the few thousand dollars that we made out of extortion, it is better to defeat this argument and silence this cry than to go on charging this extra amount and place ourselves at a disadvantage on many other questions where rural support would be most valuable. It is barely possible that the Ontario Government may some day see fit to pay its share of local improvement and other taxes. There is no better way for us to begin the campaign than by being just to them; we may then hope that they may some day be just to us.

Parliaments have done but little for Toronto. Our representatives seem to be of that slavish sort which is content with anything so long as they bask in the smile of the powers that be. The people should insist that those who speak for us should speak strongly, that Sir John must be given to understand if he always persists in his policy of always giving Toronto nothing but that which he is shamed or forced into giving, that he need not look to this city for the support which he has received in the past. This is no mean city and its representatives should not have to crawl in the dirt when asking for justice. In the matter of protection to life by gates at railway crossings Sir John talked like an attorney for the railway. We have too much at stake to accept any such narrow definition of a railway's duty as he gave us. We propose to have those who earn their dividends by crossing public streets take reasonable pains to prevent loss of life at these crossings. If Sir John imagines that the railways have rights and privileges superior to those of the people he needs to be corrected. His theory is indefensible and in practice it would make it obligatory upon municipalities, whether they are rural townships or crowded wards, to protect the people from the recklessness of railway employes. The reverse is the proper statement of the case. A franchise is granted to the railway for the service of the public and the safety of the people; whether that be in connection with the conveyance of people and freight from one place to another on a train or across a track is immaterial. I understand that at the last conference Sir John took very high ground in favor of the railways, and that the exponents of Toronto's view of the case either got rattled or failed to fulfil their instructions. At any rate they did not tell him as he should have been told, that if he desires Toronto's support he must show us ordinary justice.

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In driving about the city one is surprised to see the extraordinary growth of Toronto, and after one is impressed by this fact it is not hard to find a reason for the inefficient service we receive, inasmuch as no matter what staff is employed this year, next year it will be found entirely insufficient and must be supplemented. This city is in a formative condition. Many of our improvements must be temporary, as the gas company, the water works, the electric light corporations and the necessities of private enterprise make it necessary for the streets to be torn up again and again. When the people on our streets have settled down to a definite idea of what they want and when the vacant land has been built upon, it will be time enough to begin permanent roadways. If anything else be attempted, it will result in a costly defacement of asphalt or stone, and the result will be that what we built to last for years, will be injured by the necessities of to-morrow. While we are growing we must have the cheap clothes which are placed upon growing children, not the garments made for maturity.

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Signor Crispi, when addressing the senators and members of the popular house, declared that the Church of Rome had existed before temporal power had been given to it, and had not been less influential since that power had been taken away. His speech was full of a determination to oppose priestcraft in politics. It surprises one in this new world that there are so many attempts to catch sectarian votes, while in the older countries such methods have been abandoned in favor of the broad principle that the state in national affairs must be supreme, and shall not be interfered with by those who believe that religious matters are pre-eminent. When Rome itself, with the pageantry of its power and the magnificence of the structures which enclose those who are officials of the church, cannot retain its ascendancy over the Italian people it astounds one to contemplate the spectacle presented in Quebec where the entire province is being managed by a few representatives of the most extreme faction of the Ultramontanes. The yoke that the most Catholic people in the world have thrown off, or are determined to throw off, our French-Canadian brethren seem equally determined to assume. When slavery of this sort becomes the favorite condition of a people it is indeed useless to argue with them and very difficult for the politician to convince them that they are preferring tyranny to freedom. If after ignorant Italy has learned the lesson, if after the colonies of Spain have revolted against clerical domination, if after the Irish people have risen against having their national freedom being bartered for a Catholic university, and when we see everywhere else the cause of civilization and religion advanced without the means adopted by our Lower Canadian friends, surely it is astounding to observe the discipline which the Church is able to maintain in Quebec.

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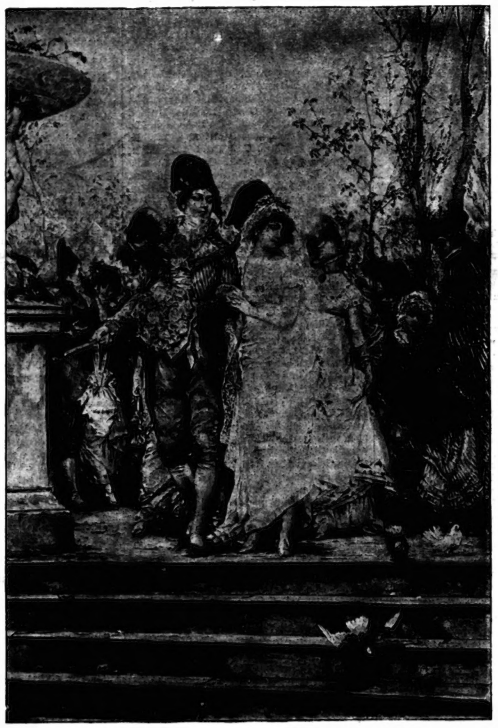
People are laughing because certain residents of Jarvis street after having devoted years to an agitation for asphalt pavement are now petitioning for some protection from the drays, coal carts, and farmers' wagons which make it utterly impossible for a carriage to be driven along a thoroughfare which has been paved at so great a cost. It should be remembered that this is not a question of aristocracy, but of a high tax paid by every one who has a foot of frontage, and the fact that the annoyance has become almost unbearable should influence aldermen from every section of the city to afford them all the relief within their power. Before the pavement was begun I protested not only against the cost of it but outlined the result and



A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

insisted that we should hold back until some other avenue for the traffic which now makes Jarvis street impassable had been opened up. It is useless for the council to say they have no remedy or that they fear that the cry of class legislation will be raised against them, and that it will be said at election times that such vulgar vehicles as coal carts and delivery wagons have been excluded. The people of the street ask for nothing extraordinary. They have built an expensive pavement and desire to have some use of it. They are paying the expense and they do not want to be crowded off of it. If heavy wagons lacking a certain width of tire are prohibited from the street no harm is done to anyone and heavy loads will seek for some other avenue. At present the costly improvements for which the residents are being assessed are made utterly worthless to them. The city, too, seems unwilling to obviate the nuisance caused by dust. It certainly is a poor reward for the enterprise of those who have submitted to the heaviest extra taxation borne by any residential district in the city.

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A scheme has been proposed in the City Council for the election of a certain number of commissioners to conduct the affairs of the city and initiate the necessary public works. If we want good service we must have some one responsible for the manner in which public patronage is divided, and the idea which places city money in the hands of favorites as the dowry of municipal politics must be changed. At present small questions occupy the minds of those who sit about the council board, and the aldermen feel that their first service is due to the ward which they represent and the first place to the heeler who has worked for them. We should have a new order of affairs which will make plain that the citizens are very apt to take care of themselves if they get a chance and to elect capable men if they know they will have to pay the bill.

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The suicide of City Treasury Clerk Lobb is one of the most painful and unexpected things that could have happened, and while it cannot be charged to insanity the deed was certainly not that of a man who had full possession of his mental faculties. It seems that he was weary, and, as one of his relatives explained, sacrificed his life that he might have rest. What a sad commentary this is on the toil made necessary by our modern civilization in order to gain bread. Only the most conscientious workers are consumed by their desire to fulfil every obligation their task entails, and when one is eaten up with the thought that he is not earning his petty stipend, it shows a very morbid state of mind indeed. The trouble with the majority of employes is that they make it their chief study to see how little they can do for their week's pay or how much it is possible for them to obtain for the minimum amount of labor. A great many conscientious people of a timid turn of mind seek for employment in civic and government offices where they are certain of their situations so long as they do nothing outrageous and manage to do a little work which they carefully spread over the allotted number of hours *per diem*. The anxiety for a small certainty always dwarfs, often ruins, the life of nearly all of such people. They would rather be sure of a little than take chances of obtaining plenty by harder work and the exercise of more originality and enterprise. Lobb was not of this sort, inasmuch as he was industrious and conscientious, but he was of that fearsome disposition which wastes its energies in distrust of the future. There are many others who have not been driven by nervous disease to take the terrible step which has just made desolate a home, who have not yet learned that "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Those whose mental tension is now so great that they can scarcely stand the strain should relax it, believe in themselves and remember that this is a very good sort of a world to live in, for all those except the ones who lack courage and industry. But after all courage is the chief thing; the brave soldier who dies in battle suffers less than the one who goes to the hospital and dies of fright.

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The spectacle of civil war in the Methodist Church over the University Federation question is not a pleasant one, and the men who are making the fight against the expressed wish of the Conference must not be surprised if they are suspected of anything but the purest motives.

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Social and Personal.

On the afternoon of Tuesday, October 15, Holy Trinity Church held an expectant audience which had gathered to witness the marriage of Mr. Archibald D. Langmuir, second son of Mr. J. W. Langmuir, manager of Toronto General Trusts Co., to Miss Madge Ince, daughter of Mr. Wm. Ince of The Patches, Grosvenor street. The bridesmaids were Miss Jessie Rowland, Miss Maude Langmuir and Miss McArthur; the groomsmen, Messrs. Arthur Scott, Jack Langmuir and James Ince. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. John Pearson, assisted by Rev. Dr. Rithune of Port Hope, and the bride was given away by her father. After the marriage, the wedding party and guests repaired to the residence of the bride's father where lunch was served by Caterer Harry Webb, and an informal reception was held.

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The bride's elegant toilette was of white duchesse satin and silver brocade, draped with crème de chine. She wore the regulation veil and orange blossoms. Her ornaments were pearls, and she carried a large bouquet of white roses. The bridesmaids' fanciful costumes were directoires of white faille, with sashes of pale pink. Their hats were tulle Gainsboroughs, trimmed with pink roses. Mrs. Langmuir wore a handsome brocade in terra cotta, trimmed with gold bullion, bonnet to match; Mrs. Patterson's dress was an exquisite shade of blue faille, combined with brocade, bonnet to match; Mrs. Ince wore a rich black brocade.

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Among the presents were noted a handsome brass mounted mahogany table from Mr. Tilley; also one from Mr. and Mrs. Crowther; an oxydized silver bracket table, from Mr. and Mrs. Hague; a sofa and chair in terra cotta brocade, from Mr. and Mrs. John Young; a chair from the bride's brother; a davenport, Mr. Woodwin Langmuir; silver service, Mr. and Mrs. Langmuir; silver spoons and knives, Messrs. and Misses Langmuir; silver and cutlery, Argonaut Club; silver side dishes, Mr. Perkins; several handsome gifts were in Dresden, Doulton, Worcester, and Crown Derby china; pearl handled fruit knives, Mr. J. A. Langmuir; a diamond and sapphire ring, Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Bethune; silver salad fork and spoon, Mr. Arthur H. Scott; silver side dish, Mr. W. A. Bog; marble clock, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Patterson; gold coffee spoons and tongs, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ince; silver fruit knives, Mr. E. J. Perkins; card salver, Mr. F. C. Jarvis; silver egg cups and spoons, Mr. Geo. S. Michie; fish carver and fork, Mr. Allison H. Sims; gold bracelet, Mr. Henry Brock; silver syrup jug, Mrs. P. Patterson.

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The guests were: Canon, Mrs. and Miss Dumoulin, Colonel and Mrs. Geo. T. Denison, the Misses Denison, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Paterson, Mr. C. J. Campbell, Miss Campbell, Mr. Hollyer, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Hague, Mr. Wyatt, Prof. Jones, Dr. and Mrs. Snelling, Mr. and Mrs. R. Bethune, the Misses Bethune, Master Fred. Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. Ridout, Col. and Mrs. Sweny, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Foy, Mr. Hume Blake, Mr. Fred. Langmuir, the Misses Langmuir, Mr. Murray Langmuir, Mr. and Mrs. Macdonell, Mrs. Jarvis, Miss Green, Mr. J. E. Edgar, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Ridout, Mr. and Mrs. Gwynne, Mr. and Mrs. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Meredith, Mr. and Mrs. Beatty, the Misses Beatty, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Wragge, Mr. Bog, Mr. F. C. Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mr. Drake, Mr. Tilley, Mr. Thompson, Mr. C. Thompson, Bishop and Mrs. Sweatman, Mrs. Arkle, Dr. and Mrs. Grasett, Mr. and Miss Oates, Miss Clara Oates, Mr. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Pearson, Miss Pearson, Mr. Arthur Scott, Mrs. and Miss Thompson, Mrs. and Miss Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. James Scott, Dr., Mrs. and Miss Thorburn, Mr. Gilbert Lightbourne, Mr. Grant Ridout, Mr. A. Crooks, Mr. and Mrs. F. Paterson, Provost and Mrs. Body, Mr. Hugh Smith, Mr. Charlie Baird, Mr. and Mrs. George Bethune, Mr. and Mrs. John Young, Mr. and Mrs. James Young, Rev. G. Nattrass, Dr. Nattrass, Mr. A. D. McLean, Mr. T. Paterson, Mr. W. Kerstman, Mr. and Mrs. James Crowther, Mr. Harry Brock, Dr. and Mrs. Riordan, Mrs. Ellis, Miss McCarthy, Miss Darling, Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Hutton, Mr. Forbes Michie, Mr. George S. Michie, Dr. Covernton, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Ingles, Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Ingles, Mr. Harry Michie, Mr. Morphy, Mr. and Mrs. Totten, the Misses Totten, Dr. and Mrs. Bethune.

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At seven o'clock Tuesday evening, at Edgewood, the residence of Mr. Wm. Wilson, Dr. Gilbert Gordon was married to Miss Minnie Wilson. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. D. Gordon of Harrington. Misses Emma Wilson and Greta Gordon were bridesmaids; Messrs. C. W. Gordon and R. S. Wilson, groomsmen. Supper was served by Caterer R. J. Lloyd, and, amid good wishes, the lately wedded couple set out on their wedding journey.

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The bride's toilette was cream merveilleux satin and rich brocade, with court train. She wore the veil and orange blossoms. The bridesmaids' dresses were cream Henrietta, profusely trimmed with ribbon and lace, and they carried bouquets of crimson roses.

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Besides the relatives there were present Dr. and Mrs. Maclaren, Dr. and Mrs. McTavish, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Wallace, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Burns, Mrs. Cattanach, Mrs. Campbell, Dr. Mackenzie, J. M. Clark M.A., LL.B., Miss Burns, Rev. R. C. Tibb, B.A., R. M. Hamilton, B.A., and Mrs. Hamilton, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Kerr, the Misses Hare, Mr. and Mrs. Close, Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, Rev. R. Haddon, Miss Haddon.

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Among the presents was an elegant marble clock, the gift of four members of the Students' Quintette, in which the groom makes the fifth. Other presents were in abundance, varied, costly, useful and ornamental.

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At the Church of the Redeemer, Albert Wm. Heyworth, manufacturer, of Southport, England, was married on Tuesday, to Mary Wassell Morton, who formerly resided in Toronto. The bridesmaids were Misses E. Fanny Jones, and Josephine Pouton of Belleville. Messrs. Ed. L. Morton and Ernest DaVernet officiated as groomsmen. Rev. Septimus Jones, M.A., performed the ceremony. The wedding supper was served at the rectory by Caterer Harry Webb, after which Mr. and Mrs. Heyworth left on their wedding journey. They will visit the eastern cities, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and then sail from New York to England, where their future home awaits them.

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The bride's toilette was of white gros-grain silk, draped with Irish point; a veil and orange blossoms, and a large bouquet of yellow roses completed the costume. The bridesmaids' dresses were cream Henrietta cloth, trimmed with pink surah. They wore hats of cream silk, the garniture of which was cream and pink natural roses. Large bunches of the same flowers, tied with ribbons of pink and cream, were carried.

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The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Henry O'Brien, Miss O'Brien, Mr. Harry O'Brien, Mr. and the Misses Marling, Miss Grier, Sir Adam and Lady Wilson, Miss Dalton, Miss Hector, Mr. Ed. Armour, Mr. Villiers Sankey, Miss Cassells, Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Hutton, Mrs. Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Whitney, Mr. John Tannahill, Mr. Stephens, Mr. Alex. Leslie, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Morton, Mr. Marland, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Pouton, Miss Patton.

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A large company gathered in Jarvis street Baptist Church on Tuesday evening. The occasion was the marriage of Mr. Richard S. Brown to Miss Jennie (Dollie) Abbott. The bridesmaids were Miss G. Abbott, Miss Emily Brown, and Miss Clara Brown. Mr. T. A. Brown was best man; and Messrs. C. Brown and J. E. Abbott officiated as ushers. Rev. Dr. Thomas performed the marriage ceremony, assisted by Rev. G. M. Brown, uncle of the groom. After the ceremony a supper excellent in all its appointments was served by Caterer R. J. Lloyd at the residence of the bride's father; and after a reception during which the young couple received the congratulations and good wishes of their friends, they left on their wedding journey.

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The bride's wedding gown was cream faille and brocade with pearl trimming. She wore a veil and orange blossoms and carried a bouquet of white roses. Her traveling toilette was brown German serge with gold trimmings, the hat matching the dress. The bridesmaids' costumes were of white china silk with moire sashes.

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Among the presents were noted: A piano from the bride's father; silver service, Mr. Curt Brown; dinner set, Mr. R. Brown; dessert set in silver, the employes of Brown Bros.; cutlery, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Brown; dressing case in vieux rose plush finished in ivory, Mrs. Albert Brown; marble clock, Mr. and Mrs. R. Score; five o'clock tea table and chairs, Mr. J. E. Abbott; incense cup of Egyptian ware, Doulton and Crown Derby ware, silver salad bowl, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Brayley; Dresden china statuettes, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Rogers; satin damask five o'clock table scarf, Mr. and Mrs. Swalwell; engraving and easel, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Score; Japanese five o'clock tea service, Mr. and Mrs. McGuire; silver mounted carvers, Dr. and Mrs. Hall. The groom's gift to the bride was a diamond monogramed watch, with chain and a diamond pin; to the bridesmaids he presented gold bracelets, while the bride gave each of her attending maids a Honiton lace handkerchief as a souvenir of the occasion.

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The guests were: Dr. and Mrs. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Hachborn, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Score, Mr. and Mrs. R. Score, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Score, Mr. A. W. Abbott, Mr. and Mrs. Cuthbert, Mr. and Mrs. Dunnett, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Kennedy, Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. R. Brown, Mr. W. G. Brown, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses McGuire, Mrs. G. McGuire, Mrs. and the Misses York, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Brimson, Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Brush, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Thomas, Dr. Milner, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Toye, Mr. and Mrs. G. Brayley, Mr. T. Hoskin, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Woods, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Bayley, Dr. and Mrs. Thompson, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Dinnis, Mr. and Mrs. Evans, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. Prittie, Mr. and Mrs. Mason, Miss Dack, Mr. and Mrs. George Lugsdin, Mr. and Mrs. E. Abbott, Mr. and Mrs. Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. Thrush, Mr. Morehouse, Mr. H. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Field of Brooklyn, N. Y., Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Craven, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Craven of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. George Brown of Bracebridge, Dr. and Mrs. E. E. King, Mrs. John Brown, the Misses Brown, Mr. Curt Brown, Mr. Albert Brown, Mr. Sutherland, Mr. and Mrs. James Brayley of Philadelphia, Mr. R. Abbott, Miss G. Abbott, Mr. and Mrs. McKee of Chicago.

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A very fashionable wedding took place at St. Mark's Church on Wednesday evening, October 16, when Alfred W. H., second son of Chevalier A. M. F. Gianelli, was married to Ida Marian, second daughter of Lieut.-Colonel John Gray, B.M. There has probably never been on any occasion a greater concourse of people assembled at the church. The bride was attired in a rich cream corded silk dress, with court train and veil with orange blossoms. The bridesmaids, Miss Gianelli and Miss Carrie Gray, wore cream dresses and veils, and carried horseshoes of flowers suspended with ribbons from their arms. Mr. Wm. G. Gray and Mr. C. Angelo Gianelli were groomsmen, and Mr. Frank Gray and Mr. R. Brayley acted as ushers. The church was most tastefully decorated with cut flowers and plants for the occasion. The full surpliced choir met the bride at the door and preceded her up the aisle, singing The Voice that Breathed o'er Eden. Miss Gray, a sister of the bride, presided at the organ in an efficient manner. On leaving the church, the bride's Sunday school class strewed her pathway with flowers. Rev. Mr. Ingles performed the ceremony, assisted by Rev. Richard Harrison. It is very evident that the young couple are exceedingly popular, judging by the many very handsome presents they received. After the ceremony the immediate relatives of the two families repaired to Col. Gray's home on Spencer avenue, where a couple of hours were pleasantly spent previous to the departure of the happy couple for New York, Washington, and other American cities.

*

In the seats reserved for the guests we noticed Mr. and Mrs. Gianelli, Col. and Mrs. Gray, Mr. J. C. Gray, Miss Rich, Mr. and Mme. Stuttaford, Mr. S. Compain, Mr. and Mrs. E. Henry Duggan, Mr. and Mrs. V. B. Wadsworth, Mr. Joseph Gianelli, Mrs. D. C. Ridout, Dr. Harley Smith, Dr. and Mrs. Aylesworth, Mr. and Mrs. Roy of Montreal, Mr. Griffin J. Stratford, the Misses Brown, Mr. J. Morton, Mr. F. Langmuir, Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Black and Mrs. Clark.

*

Amongst the large audience that greeted the Carleton Opera Company on Monday night I noticed Mrs. Meyrick Banks, Miss Dobel, Miss Robinson, Mr. Fox, Mrs. J. R. Carr, Mrs. Manning, Miss Skea, Mr. and Mrs. Percival Ridout, Miss E. McFarlane, Mr. Percy Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Macdonald, Miss Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Austin Smith, the Misses Osler and many others.

*

A hunting party composed of Messrs. E. King Dodds, E. W. Dodds, Ald. Booth, Chambers, and Dr. M. F. Smith have set out for the woods in northern Haliburton. They hope to bring back at least venison and perhaps larger game.

*

Mr. David Kennedy of Lakeview Park, who has just sold his magnificent estate for a very large sum, intends to remove to the Old Country with his family. Lakeview Park is without doubt one of the most beautiful and carefully tended estates in Canada, and the trout ponds are perhaps better stocked than any others in this province. It is to be regretted that after fourteen years spent in fixing up his lovely grounds Mr. Kennedy should by increasing age and physical infirmity have been led to make up his mind to spend his last years in his native land. He will take his horses, carriages, etc., with him, but I doubt if, after fifty-seven years of residence in this country, he will find things as congenial in the other climes as he may expect, and it will not be surprising if he returns to Canada again.

*

I am informed and do verily believe that during the past week there was a very pretty exhibition of fisticuffs between scions of the first families—as you come into town. One young gentleman met the other on Beverley street I am told with the remark: "I hear you have been lying about me." The reply was, "Aw weally. Haven't said a word about you, you know." The next stanza consisted of the fist of Number 1, being planted in the face of Number 2, and the latter after regaining his feet remarked, "You had better be careful what you do to me. I will have you arrested." Whereupon Number 1 added that if he was to be arrested he might as well give him another crack as it would not be any more expensive to pay for two than one, and then the crowning indignity was inflicted by Number 1 taking the little cane of Number 2 away from him and beating him with it. Worse still, Number 1 having explained that the information had been brought to him by a relative of Number 2, the latter young man sought out his relation and said: "You told Mr. Nummerone that I said he had been cheating at cawds at the kleb. You know I never said such a thing." whereupon the aforesaid relative of Number 2, it is alleged, ejected the young man from his office. Very hard lines indeed are these for a society darling to experience, and it is said that he has rashly declared that he will leave town.

*

The Little Maids' Club At Home held recently at 52 St. Albans street realized the substantial sum of $75, which was presented to the Infants' Home to support one destitute child, and provide bed and bedding. A feature of the entertainment was the afternoon tea waited on by well trained little maidens in bakers' caps, who attended to their customers in true businesslike fashion. All these little workers are mere children, yet by a little concentrated effort assist very materially towards a most deserving charity.

*

Mr. Edward Beauchamp Mackenzie, who has been spending his holidays with his grandfather in Toronto, returned a few days ago to his home in Montreal.

*

The following ladies and gentlemen were entertained at dinner by Sir Alex. Campbell on Tuesday evening: Mr. and Mrs. G. Geddes, Mr. and Mrs. M. Hutton, Miss Mowat, Miss Mabel Heward, Mr. and Mrs. W. Ince, jr., Mr. Bruce Williams, R.E., Mr. Edward Jones, Miss Dobell, Mr. L. A. Tilley, Mr. H. D. Gamble, Mr. and Mrs. C. Jones, Dr. and Mrs. Primrose, Mr. and Mrs. A. Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. A. McLean, Commander and Mrs. Law, Mr. and Mrs. E. Edwards, Mr. G. W. and Miss Beardmore, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon.

*

Cards for the fourth annual ball of the Junior Bachelors of Toronto are out, and the affair is already being eagerly looked forward to. The date fixed upon is November 19, and the Horticultural Pavilion has been secured for the occasion. It will be remembered that last year the young gentlemen of the city did not give their usual dance, but in view of the great success which attended the balls given by them in 1887 and previous years it was decided not to let the season of 1889 90 slip away in a similar manner. Elaborate preparations for the ball are already under way, and I am informed every effort will be made by the committee to make it the most successful affair of the season. Mr. Geo. H. Jones, No. 9 Toronto street, is hon. secretary of the committee. I hear on good authority that the number will be limited and that no invitations are to be issued after November 9.

*

A ball was given by Lady Macpherson of Chestnut Park on Thursday evening. An extended account will be given in next week's issue, particulars not being obtainable at the time of going to press.

*

The Canadian Ticket Agents' Association held their first annual dinner at the Walker House on Thursday evening. This event was too late to be noticed at length in this column.

*

The Hamilton and Toronto Football Clubs play their annual match on the grounds of the T. C. C. this afternoon.

*

Mr. Charles and Miss Grace Morrison are visiting at their cousin's new home in Greenville, N. J. Miss Charlton will return home with them in November.

*

One of the most interesting meetings in the history of the Young Men's Conservative Association of this city took place on Monday, October 14, when the question of who should be the officers for the succeeding year was to be decided. For years Mr. J. A. Worrell has been the able and popular president of the society, elected continuously by acclamation, and doing much to advance the interests of the association, both in season and out.

*

Having, however, decided to retire from the helm of affairs, the question of electing his successor has this year created great excitement. Many members were at first suggested, but the contest finally narrowed down to Messrs. W. D. McPherson and W. J. Nelson, who had each worked hard for years in advancing the prosperity of the club.

*

A number of gentlemen appeared in the field for vice president, and there the contest was no less warm than that for the presidency. Canvassing had gone on vigorously for weeks, and when the meeting was called to order on Monday evening in their rooms in Shaftesbury Hall, not less than two hundred were found to be present. During the proceedings many more came in, and before the ballots had all been deposited more then 150 new members had joined the association. The first

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

LATEST WALTZES

FOR YOU—on Sydney Smith's Song....(May Outlere) 60c
FIDDLE AND I—on Goodeve's Song....(Otto Roeder) 60c
MIA BELLA .....(Otto Roeder) 60c
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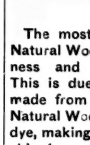
PATTERN HATS AND BONNETS
These goods are now being opened.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Fashion Chatter.

DEAR MOLLIE,—An English fashion-writer predicts a rage for cloth jackets, matching the dresses with which they are worn; and I have no doubt as to the fulfilment of her prophecy. A costume has an air of smartness and completeness which to my mind is never achieved when a walking suit is not a unit as regards color and fabric.

Velvet ribbon is to be a favorite hat and bonnet garniture. The preference is given to the four-inch width, satin-faced. Sometimes the facing is in self color, often of a different shade or a contrasting tint.

Russian net, a lace with large meshes, Tosca and Egyptienne are fashion's darlings in the way of draping over silk, and many handsome dresses owe their elegance to its graceful aid. In remodelling dresses, it is especially helpful, as the pricked, shiny surface of your oldest silk can be converted into a foundation for the artful lace; and it makes a stylish, becoming and comparatively cheap toilette with the aid of materials grown gray in the service of Time.

Alapaca is announced as once more being fashionable. Its sheeny surface is cold-looking; but it makes excellent traveling dresses, for dust does not enter into its texture and can be quickly and easily removed from the surface. Alapaca with ribbon velvet trimming made a stylish dress about twenty-five years ago, and I fancy will receive a warm welcome again.

The coachman capes continue to be worn, three and often five. Sometimes the capes are in two colors, brown and fawn for instance, the tints occurring alternately. Capes are jaunty, and certainly becoming to many people, but if I may express my opinion—my decided theory is that a young girl looks more graceful, more trim and neater, in a close-fitting coat, without angel sleeves, coachman cape, or any superfluous material around her shoulders or waist.

Ties are again worn—those fluffy creations of mull edged with lace. They are long enough to pass around the throat, cross behind, and tie in front in the most bewitching bow your fingers can fashion. You may wear them in white, cream, pink, yellow, green, blue, lavender, and almost any other color. The colored crape ties nicely, and it will actually wash, losing very little of its dainty nature from the process.

The very prettiest way to arrrange flowers is in a basket. Set a bowl filled with sand in one of those oddly shaped little baskets with handles, and stick the long stemmed flowers in the sand. Twine a pretty vine around the handle, and droop some creeper over the edge here and there, and then if it is not real pretty, I'll be willing to be scolded.

Truly, sachet powder is more used now than ever it was, and for my part I like the dainty conceit of having one's belongings fragrant with a faint suggestion of their owner's favorite perfume. Perhaps the most convenient form to use it, is in cambric, silk or satin cases shaped like an envelope and fastening with a tiny button and buttonhole. A layer of cotton can be fitted in and the perfume renewed from time to time. Corsage sachets are made in the same way, only much smaller, being only two inches square. They can be tucked inside the waist of one's dress, and emanate their dainty odor with every breath.

"A jar of common salt is one of the necessities on one's toilette table," wrote a correspondent to a New York paper; and truly, we might make more use of it than we do. A weak solution will cure the slight inflammation of the eyes which driving in the wind causes, or the redness which a cold brings; it will allay the irritation of the throat consequent upon the same disorder; and reduce the swelling and pain of mosquito bites. Glycerine and rose water in equal parts will keep the skin delightfully smooth and soft.

Powdered alum cures fever sores, and bathing the hands in alum water before gloving them will prevent profuse perspiration. Before brushing your teeth pour a few drops of camphor or myrrh in the water and any tendency to feverishness of breath will be counteracted.

Your sincere friend,
CLIP CAREW.

'Varsity Chat.

To renew old friendships and fight old battles again in peace and to chat and sing and laugh, the class of '88 met last week at Webb's. The number was not large, as was natural at the season, but absent faces were in part atoned for by the best of good humor and the jolliest of speeches. Archon Gibson occupied the seat of mild authority and discharged his duties most happily. To his right sat Scribe Lamport and at his left Diner-Out Garvin of '87. Orator H. J. Crawford came up from Belleville to respond on behalf of our *alma mater*. The minds of his hearers traveled back to the stirring days of '87 and '88 when he was accustomed to draw applause at every third sentence.

For the ministry Mr. Tolling earnestly and manfully replied. Mr. E. H. Pearson, whose genuine enthusiasm had brought him up from Cannington, was also called on, and in a few heartfelt words expressed his pleasure at being present.

Then most learned Counsel Higgins' well-remembered impetuosity was employed in behalf of his brethren of the gown. To his support arose Mr. Gordon Waldron, who, with successive wit, indignation, humor and Latin echoed the sentiments of the luckless students at the law school.

Mr. Geoffrey Boyd defended the destroyers of McCully while Mr. Witton responded for the noble profession of teaching. For other classes Mr. Garvin of '87, Mr. J. J. Ferguson of '90 and Mr. D. Walker of '91 expressed their satisfaction.

At 12.15 Mr. J. E. Jones, whose voice and banjo had made full merriment overflow started Auld Lang Syne and God Save the Queen, and thirty delighted 'Varsity men filed out into the chill electric light.

Mr. E. C. Senkler, B.A., has taken to his old quarters in residence and may be seen any day in the reading-room deep in the study of the law.

Last week I refrained from commenting on the delay in appointing a successor to the late Prof. Young—for which, no doubt, there is gratitude in high places. It appears to take the Government a long time to decide which of the candidates has the highest attainments. Meantime the students in philosophy—but, then, it doesn't matter about them. Really, however, I think they ought, in justice to the rest of us, to be compelled to attend some kind of lectures.

Professor Alexander's inaugural fulfilled our highest expectations. He displayed a fine enthusiasm for his work which, in spite of a certain listlessness of manner, cannot fail to attract to him an eager band of students. His phraseological power and keen love of the beautiful in art delighted those who reflected that this is the man who for many years to come is to guide our students in the study of their own language and literature. As he unfolded his enduring conception of literary culture it became evident that a new power had arisen amongst us, and we rejoice in his advent, because from the outset he has shown a willingness to share his inspiration with us. It is earnestly hoped that he may see fit to issue his address in pamphlet form.

On Tuesday evening the president, Mr. H. R. Horne, and the members of the college Y.M.C.A., welcomed a large number of undergraduates in their cosy building. I am glad that old prejudices are dying out, and that the work of the Y.M.C.A., which is social quite as much as religious, is meeting with the generous recognition it deserves.

'Varsity Association men were too swift and sure for the canny Scots. Isn't it about time these worthy gentlemen were content to call themselves by the name of the country from which they do not have to emigrate for something else than oatmeal and cabbage? If Scotchmen will still be Scotch, why not Frenchmen French?

Rumors are rife of new blood, which promises to startle us at the coming games. Let the best men win.

NEMO.

For Business.

In the matter of the workaday dress Fashion is rather more indulgent as to variety of shapes and materials than in her demands for other and more ornate occasions. And yet it is equally as important that the business attire of the man who desires to be called well dressed, shall be perfect in design, in fit, and in the harmony of all its parts. The necessity for this is apparent. How can a man maintain a reputation for taste in dress if his apparel merely conforms to a fixed model upon one occasion while plainly violating the ordinances of good taste when thrown more upon his own resources by the freer choice permitted. Thus it will be seen that the selection of the business suit is quite as momentous a task as the procurement of the evening attire.

Man wants but little here below
And wants that little good.

He will find it in a handsome business suit selected from the choice fabrics of Henry A. Taylor, the Fashionab'e West End Tailor, Rossin House Block.

A Serious Loss.

"What's the matter, Eddie?"

"Willie Thomas has gone and moved out of this street, boo, hoo."

"Well, don't cry; There are plenty of other little boys in the neighborhood to play with."

"Yes, but he's the only one I could like."—*Life.*

"It Is Our Duty to Grow Fat."

So says a philosophical physician, "especially in the autumn," he adds. The sharp northwesters that stab through our thickest garments, and would riddle our summer leanness, are estopped by a cuirass of fat. About September, every rational creature with a clear conscience and a sound constitution, begins to put on adipose armor, and layer succeeds layer until Christmas, when the final coating is applied through the instrumentality of roast turkeys and mince pies, and the armature of the "human vessel" is complete. In fact, almost every living and growing thing tends to obesity in the fall. Quail, partridges, prairie grouse, pigeons, 'possums, and water fowl, all become unctuous. The blubber of the whale thickens, and the edible fishes of the sea attain their maximum of plumpness. The esculent roots develop their starch and sugar, and grow firm and heavy. The nuts, like luxurious monks, get fat and oily in their cells. The deer round off their summer angles, with the rich ambrosial pomade which renders the October or November haunch so delectable; and the wild turkey, like his inestimable domestic brother, enlarges his circumference. Even the surly bear clothes his mighty ribs with great folds of grease ere he seeks a hollow tree or cave, wherein to lick his hairy fingers and muse on autumn fare the winter long.

Accounted For.

Mistress (reprovingly)—Bridget, breakfast is very late this morning. I noticed last night that you had company in the kitchen, and it was nearly twelve o'clock when you went up to bed.

Bridget—Yis, mum; I knowed you was awake, for I heard ye movin' around; an' I said to meself y'd nade slape this mornin', an' I wouldn't distoorb ye wid an early breakfast, mum.

The Force of Habit.

A physician was driving along the street, when his horse took fright and ran away. He was thrown violently to the ground and knocked senseless. Presently he recovered a little from his unconsciousness, and noticing the crowd which had gathered about him, remarked

"What's the matter, gentlemen? Anybody hurt? I'm Doctor B——. Can I be of any service?"

Time is Money!

"Begobs," said Moriarity, when he heard the sentence—Ten Dollars or Ten Days—"Yure Honor flatthers me. Oi niver knew me tolme was worth that much before!"—*Puck.*

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OR, SORE LET AND HINDERED

BY H. PAINE.

It seems to me that a man who has put his heart into his business can never really retire from it, nor even take what is called a complete rest from his work.

This will hardly be denied by any one concerning a follower of one of the fine arts, for who ever heard of a painter, composer or poet, who left his work while life remained? But I think it is as true of all men who have wisely chosen their callings. Among my acquaintances is a doctor who has been persuaded nominally to retire from his profession; wherever he goes interesting symptoms or cases meet his eyes and he cannot forbear from exercising his art as of old, for the love of it he works as hard as ever; the difference now is that he sends out no bills.

I remember being on the train with a farmer who was travelling through a strange State; all day long he scrutinized from the windows the land through which we passed; he could not be persuaded to read a newspaper. Though he had come for a rest from the worries and work of his farm, there he was eying every field, wanting to put right whatever he thought was wrong in the tillage, and enjoying most, of all his holiday, the hour he spent in discussing his system of farming with another man who boarded the train.

And I in my own personal experience have found how the fascination of the work to which one has devoted himself masters his intention of resting for a season.

A few years ago I was on the transatlantic steamer Polonia, taking a trip from New York to London; not for any enjoyment of traveling—I was too old for that; besides, I had seen England in my young days—but chiefly for the purpose of resting from my arduous work, and recruiting my energies by complete change before returning home. I expected also to take advantage of the opportunity to inspect some land in the north of England which had been left to one of my friends.

My occupation is not one recognized among the professions or businesses, but in choosing it I was not bound down by the necessities which force most men into their pursuits. I had plenty of means at my disposal, and no one depending upon me, so I devoted myself to the furtherance of plans for the welfare of those in need of aid, I may say, to the cause of philanthropy.

I have felt a love for my fellow creatures, and an unusual amount of interest in the doings of those with whom I have come in contact from the time when I was quite a young man. Finding at that period of my life how little success attended the efforts I made for my own welfare, and the vanity of striving for selfish ends, I turned my attention to the affairs of others, and have made it my task to help them in their roads to happiness.

On the steamer I found, in spite of my intention of resting, that my interest was so thoroughly aroused by the strangers about me as it had ever been. There was on board one young man in particular who awakened my conjectures, and from the very first, stirred my sympathy. Most of the passengers seemed to be in family groups; he and I were alone. He was a good-looking fellow, below middle age, and of a pensive bearing. When he came on deck he would generally sit down with a book and smoke, but often, instead of reading, his eyes gazed out mournfully to the line where sea and sky seemed to meet. I would sit near him and try to get up a conversation; though it is said that on an ocean steamer the least companionable will lose their reserve, it seemed as if it would not be so with him. His name I first learned from his signatures—J. Bryant—on the paper covers of his books, and it was from the captain that I found out, what I had suspected before, that he was an Englishman.

Once, when I was near him and thought he looked more than usually sociable, I ventured to ask him if he had been long in America.

"Yes," he said, "several years," and opened his novel and turned abruptly away.

After I had learned this I found that he aroused my interest more than ever.

"Perhaps he was going home to meet his father and mother," I thought as I watched him; but as he looked himself between thirty and forty years of age, it seemed hardly probable that both parents were living, especially when I remember that in England the middle classes marry, as a rule, later in life than in America.

The recent death of one would account for the sadness of his mien; he might be summoned home by the poor widow, or perhaps the lonely widower. I enjoyed watching him and imagining the reunion of the son with his parent. I never supposed that both his parents were dead; some of my acquaintances might have laughed at me, and said it was because I was sentimental and would not get up dwelling upon the thought of his welcome, but I think it was a kind of intuition that whispered to me. If I had been listening only to sentiment I might have more enjoyed a belief that he was on his way, after his "several years" of absence, to a sweetheart, instead of a mourning parent; I can positively affirm that I never harbored that thought for many hours together.

One morning when our voyage was more than half over, Mr. Bryant was standing on deck with his pipe in his mouth, and I near him leaning against a railing and looking at the water. I was accosted from my thoughts by the words of some promenaders. The previous night the speed of the vessel had been somehow retarded, and as I stood there people passed us they were exclaiming in disappointment that their arrival in port would be later than they had anticipated. I turned to look after them with interest, for I began to wonder about the reasons for their anxiety to reach England quickly. I had forgotten Mr. Bryant, and was taken by surprise when he suddenly addressed me.

"Awful fuss they make, don't they, about a day's delay?"

"Yes," I replied, "they do indeed;" I was delighted to hear him accost me at last. "Still, surely," I said, "it is only natural. They may be anxious to meet their friends." After a pause, I added, "Perhaps they are going home to one of their parents. If so they must be impatient; don't you think so?"

In reality I knew well enough that the people were New Yorkers, but I was longing to hear something about my companion, and could not question him directly.

He looked up quickly; I felt with joy that I had aroused his interest.

"Look at me, now!" he broke out, after a pause. "I'm not impatient. I'm going home to my parents, though."

"You are! Your parents!"

So they were both alive! As I smiled at him, an expression of uncertainty came over his face, and he laughed nervously.

"Well, I don't know either," he said. "To go to them, or not? That is the question."

I regarded him with some wonder and compassion.

"Mr. Bryant," I began; he showed surprise to hear his name. "Excuse me," I said. "Well, it will perhaps show you that I have taken a deep interest in you—when I tell you I looked for your name on a novel you were reading the other day. May I inquire what J. stands for?"

"John," he answered; "John Bryant."

"Well," I continued, "about going to your parents. You will go! I hope so. Why shouldn't you?"

"I don't know," he said; "they haven't seen me for twenty-one years; they haven't even heard from me, or of me, for that time. They certainly wouldn't know me, and sometimes I doubt whether they would even care to own me."

"Own you!" I said. "Of course I do not know your parents, but surely any father and mother would joyfully welcome their son."

stopped, wondering if he had any reason for expecting them to disown him—"unless"—I said, half to myself.

He looked up hastily; he knew my thought, and I was ashamed of it, especially when I saw a flush rise to his face.

"Oh," he said, "I have really done nothing to be ashamed of! I will tell you my history, and you can judge for yourself. That is if you care to listen to it."

I was delighted with the prospect. He apologized for troubling me, as he called it, but asked me to listen attentively, and give him my real opinion as to what he could do. We sat down away from disturbers. The thought of my momentary suspicion still seemed to trouble him, and he said that before he began he would like to go to his state-room and bring me some letters and references which would remove any doubts I might have concerning the character he bore. I was ashamed of the uncharitable suspicion I had shown, and begged him to tell me his story at once, without that.

So he told me that he had left his home over twenty years before, in the spring following his sixteenth birthday. He had run away; had gone to America, and had no more seen his home. He had desired, not because he had ever quarreled with his parents, but, at first, because he was fond of freedom and adventure, and if they had known his whereabouts they would have wanted him to return to them; of late it had been shame for deserting them that had kept him from writing. A short time before he had ascertained that they were both still alive in his old home, an Essex farm house, and had prompted him to write. He was very conscious, morbidly conscious, of the wrong he had done in not having written a word to them since he left, and feared that now he might not be welcome. They did not even know that he was living, and by his sudden appearance he might only give them more disquietude, for they might believe he had come only for the sake of getting their money.

He was a sensitive man, and I fancied that he dreaded, as much as pining for them, the pain he himself would feel if, after the awkwardness of introducing himself, he was only reproached and upbraided.

I urged him not to think of that, to do the best he could toward remedying his past neglect, and to trust that they would look at it in the best light. I believed they would, and I told him so.

He thanked me heartily, and seemed somewhat relieved at my opinions, but he could not make up his mind.

Seeing that I could not give any advice more then, I dropped the subject, which he now seemed to find awkward, and we talked on other topics. I found him a well-educated, pleasant young man, though I saw the defect in his character at once; I mean his self-distrust. It would have been rather strange if I had not, it was so very apparent. After an hour's talk I left him to think over what I had said, for I did not want to weary him, but hoped for a continuance of our intercourse.

The afternoon of the same day he joined me on deck spontaneously, as he had brought with him quite a packet of papers and letters which he entreated me to look over. Most of them were testimonials to his character, all of them laudatory, some even eulogistic; some were merely business letters addressed to him, which showed, too, that he had occupied a responsible and honorable position. One of the letters surprised and delighted me, for it was from Mr. Tom Bernard, a gentleman I know well. Bernard was one of my best and most respected friends, and I knew what implicit faith I could place in his recommendation.

I found that Bryant had lived in a town in Maryland, had there been employed in one of my friend's offices, and this letter seemed to have been written in answer to a request for a certificate of his character; it described him as the soul of integrity, industry and sobriety.

It seemed to me as though I had thus received a special charge from Tom Bernard to befriend young man. I was delighted that the fulfilment of that charge was in such happy accordance with my own inclinations, for I felt that I was glad to find that I was intimate with his old employer; it nourished his respect for me, and the discovery gave me an excuse for seeking his company oftener; I liked also to chat about the people of Reading, among whom I had once made a long, busy stay, and get the latest tidings of them.

But as we drew nearer to the end of our voyage, I fancied that my new friend was growing averse to speak of the subject upon which he had first sought my advice. I watched, and soon assured myself that such was the case. For a time I did not understand the reason, but soon found that a dread of presenting himself to his parents was growing stronger and stronger as he neared them.

His appearance was gaining such hold upon him that I believed if he were left he would yield to them and stay away from home, but the more I saw of him, the more often I declared to myself that that should not be.

Though his conduct and industry were so lauded, he had not made money. I attributed that to the want of that self-confidence which seemed about to stand in his light now. But his parents, with hard work, had saved a comfortable sum of money; he was their only son, and from all he had told me of them, and from my experience of human nature, I felt confident they would receive him with open arms.

I told Mr. Bryant so continually, but he made short, evasive replies. He was ashamed to confess the fear that was growing upon him and tried to hide it from me, but I let him know that I could see it, and tried the plan of ridiculing his idea. The effect was immediate, for, as I said before, he was a sensitive young man. It turned him into a worse course, and I soon found I had made a mistake in my treatment. From that time he dodged every mention of what had been his plan, and if I referred to it, he, with any transparent subterfuge, tried to make out that he had started on this voyage for that sole purpose, yet, as we neared England, he endeavored most clumsily to make it appear that he had taken the trip to see London, to enjoy the voyage, to breathe the sea air, and so on.

I knew he could not afford the voyage for such fancies; beside he was enjoying nothing; he was growing more plainly miserable, and I believed that as soon as he were back in Maryland his former ideas would return, and he would forever deplore that he had turned tail on his opportunity.

I saw him inclined to wreck his life, and the danger of his position made me feel more and more anxiety for his welfare.

I felt now that he wanted me to forget what he had first told me, and regretted that he had ever appealed to me for advice, and I found myself in a very delicate position, almost afraid to urge him; for might he not tell me to depart, and let him manage, or mismanage, his affairs as he chose?

My mind was made up that I would not leave the poor fellow to be ruined by his weakness, and after we reached London I kept close to him. We put up at the same hotel, and there for two days I was anxiously looking for Bryant to make up his mind and depart for his old Essex home, for I saw that decision and indecision were continually battling with him. But he spent part of those two days in the hotel, the rest going about the metropolis. I pitied him; he took little pleasure in it, though he affected to do so merely that he should seem to have an excuse for lingering as he did.

His conduct worried me greatly. In all my experience I had never before come across a nature so shrinking. At times it seemed to me that for his dread of his parents he must have some reasons beside those of which he had told me, but I was always sorry for these suspicions very soon. At one time doubts assailed me so strangely that I dispatched a cablegram to Mr. Bernard, bidding him write to me whether the man was reliable and what he knew of his character; that was, if he knew him at all, for I had gone so far as to question if the letter I had seen had really been written by Bernard, after all.

Yet when I was with John I felt ashamed that I had ever entertained a suspicion. His conduct, in every respect except that for which I did not understand, gave me no cause for a misgiving. He had no marked faults, or I should have found them out, and he seemed as free from vicious habits as the most exacting parents could have wished. I remember his account of a vow with which he had years before bound himself, and of the circumstances leading to it. He happened upon the story in conversation with me one day, and very approvingly I made a mental note of it.

At the age of seventeen, less than a year after he had left home, he had been strongly tempted to drink more than was good for him. One night he seemed to be awakened from sleep by an apparition, a vision of his dear mother whom he had left in England. She stood weeping, and by her side appeared a grinning skeleton, who, with goblet in hand, beckoned to him with the other. John knew that drink was represented by this terrible being, and though the vision lasted but a few seconds, the youth never forgot it. He took a solemn vow that no intoxicating drink should again pass his lips, and had kept it.

Three days had passed since we had reached London, when John suddenly told me that he had now made up his mind to settle his hotel bill and leave me. At last he was going home, thought I, but he went on to say that it was because he found the hotel too expensive for him. He was going to move to a boarding-house, where he could live at a far less cost.

When he spoke of his poverty, I burst out. How long, I asked, was he going on daily about, afraid to make up his mind? Did he think of engaging lodgings in London by the month?

I saw that my taunts had effect, and that a mental struggle was once more going on within him.

"Tell me, now," he said at last, "exactly what you think. You know all the facts; do you still think it will be best for me to go."

"Yes," I said, "only think it over!"

If he would look at the question calmly and reasonably, I knew he must see it in the same light as myself.

His look grew resolute as he seemed, in real earnest, to fall to deliberation, and, rejoiced to see this change, I left him for a time.

I fell to wondering if it had not been my presence and importunities which had worried him before. He knew that I lingered in London only to see him start, and this might have disturbed him. If I left him alone and appeared to trust his judgment to see what was right, would he not be more likely to do what he ought?

Before long I had arrived at a conclusion and went to him.

"Now," I said, "I have business, as you know, in the north of England. I am going away to-morrow to attend to it."

The next morning, before my departure, I went to him to bid him good-bye, which were in a gloomy square in a quiet neighborhood, near the British Museum, in fact. I told him I was going to leave the city for a few days, but I should leave him for nine or ten days. He gave me his parents' address, for I told him I would call and see him when I came back, whether he was in his lodging, or whether he was with them.

"Good-by," I said. "You mustn't think that I want to badger you. I have never told the landlady that I will settle your bill for as long as you stay; you can stay here or go home. Do just what you decide is right for yourself. I am now going to trust you to do that alone."

During the next week my mind reverted continually to John Bryant, wondering how my advice was working, and indulging in speculations conjecturing where he might be to feel interest in anything else, and I had been absent only eight days when I returned to London.

I had wanted to return sooner than that, but had been afraid of coming upon John before he had arrived at a decision.

When I reached the city I went first to the postoffice, but the letters I was expecting from America had not arrived; they would be there the day after to-morrow, I was told. I knew I should then hear from Tom Bernard. It must not be thought that I still felt doubts of Bryant's character, for I was ashamed of those suspicions; but I was looking forward to the letter all the same.

Next I hurried westward to find out what had become of my protegee. If he had left his lodgings I had determined to go to his home in Essex, and see how he was. It was a journey of two hour and a half from London to that the country place in the address he had given me. I looked at the times of the trains, for I expected to start that afternoon. There would be just time to call at the place where I had left John and then dine in the city before I departed to join him.

When I arrived at home, I should find him grateful at last for my advice. At least I hoped so, for surely his parents had welcomed him. I felt within him believe that they would, and I thought that I might have misled him, was too terrible to entertain. I trusted I had not been too forward in sending him to them in so expectant a mood.

When I arrived at his lodgings, however, the landlady told me that Mr. Bryant was still there, and had been ever since my departure.

"He has talked, sir, as if he thought of going home," she said. "He told me he believed he would be in Essex before you returned. He did not expect you, though, for two days yet."

Then I hurried back too soon! I had told him I would leave him for ten days, and surely he had plenty of time, as it was, to decide. I had thought, too, that he had looked resolute when I left him.

I went to Bryant's room, rather dreading that he would be annoyed at seeing me come to worry him again. I entered and shook hands with him, and was then the recipient of surprise at seeing me had left his face, he did looked ashamed of himself and his irresolution, but I was relieved that it made him show no petulance. I felt ful of kindliness and pity, and I decided what I would do. My journey into Essex should not be put off. I told him I would go to his parents myself, that I might; find out what their feelings were toward him, and so end his suspense.

At this proposal, he manifested the greatest relief; he wrung my hand and thanked me warmly. I told him that I had to hurry off to catch the train I had looked up, as we took leave of each other, he showed that some of his misgivings were returning by entreating me, when I reached his parents, not to reveal that he was near them without first ascertaining that they would be glad to hear of it.

By four o'clock I was at the little country station of Settling, Essex, and entering a conveyance which was to take me to old Farmer Bryant's.

My chief remembrance of what passed on my drive of several miles seem to be of green tents of green commons, dotted with marshes, and of the number of the geese by the roadside which stretched out their heads at either the horse or myself as we rapidly passed.

At last the driver pulled up at the side of one of the many farmhouses. This one was George Bryant's and my destination. Its side, looking very old and dirty, was turned toward the road and partly hidden by the poplar trees and hedge which bounded the garden.

I di-missed the conveyance, for I had thought of a plea which would gain me admittance, and I did not want to have at hand the means for leaving. Then I entered the gate, and with my little hand bag went up the path, and going round to the front knocked at the door of a low and wide farmhouse. A large, pleasant-looking old lady, in a print dress, corkscrew curls and spectacles, opened the door. She seemed short-sighted, and leaned forward to scrutinize me, appearing to wonder at seeing a stranger.

"Good-day, madam," I said, bowing. I fancied at once I saw a resemblance to John in the upper part of her face. "This is Mrs. Bryant, I believe."

"Yes," she answered, "that is my name."

I told her I was afraid she might think this an intrusion from a stranger, but I expected to stay for some time in the neighborhood, and that I wanted to see her and her husband about finding accommodations thereabouts.

She hesitated, then said that no one around there had ever taken any lodgers, all the time evidently "taking stock" of me as thoroughly as her sight permitted. I declared I was very much disappointed.

"No one?" I asked.

"Well, there's the curate. He's the only one as lodges anywhere," she said; "he has stayed at Mrs. Prosser's about a mile up the road, since he left us. It's handier for him to get to the church. Maybe Mrs. Prosser would like to take you, I can't say."

"I was congratulating myself; not that I counted on going to Mrs. Prosser, but I had noticed a fact that she had inadvertently mentioned respecting the curate.

"Perhaps your husband can tell me," I said, "something about getting a room."

"Come in, sir," said the old lady, "and we'll see what he says."

She took me into a large, low room, brought a chair forward, and departed to bring in her husband. She soon came in again with Mr. George Bryant, a gray haired man on a scale even larger than his wife; he held out a big hand and shook mine, before we all sat down to discuss the situation.

(To be Continued.)

Reminiscences of Wilkie Collins.

A friend of the late novelist writing in the *Pall Mall Gazette* says:

"He told me his favorite authors were Scott, Byron and Dickens. In fiction the passages that always affected him most were the death of little Nell and of Paul Dombey. Like many of us he had shed many tears over them. With latter-day novelists he had but slight acquaintance.

"Perhaps, I am old-fashioned," he said with a modest smile of self-depreciation. Mr. Collins being possessed of brains had no logs to roll. I gathered that though he liked to have pleasant things said about him he held that a review, however favorable, was never of any real service. If the people did not like a book they would decline to read it in spite of all the reviews in the world, and he held the same opinion about notices of plays. "Whenever I have produced a play," he said, "I have made a point of going to the pit-door when the people came out. I listened to their opinion, and that was my gauge of popular opinion."

For years Mr. Collins had been subject to violent attacks of gout. In the preface to The Moonstone he mentions that the amusing chapters in which Miss Clack tells her portion of the story were written between fits of agony. When his brain was highly wrought in the throes of composition he suffered fearfully from nerves, which meant ghosts. I am not likely to forget the vivid description which Mr. Collins gave me of the midnight terrors which beset him on these occasions. "I would begin," he said, "say at midnight, and work on till three or four o'clock in the silence of the night as the fit took me, smoking cigars and drinking black coffee, my mind absorbed in my situations. Then the ghosts would begin to appear, and I used to make a rush upstairs to my bedroom. There was always one particular ghost which would greet me when the situation had been particularly horrible. It was a fearful shapeless monster, with eyes of fire and big green claws. He came to be quite a familiar in those days."

"It makes me really indignant," continued Mr. Collins, in vituperative tones, "the plaque of letters which were showered on his devoted head, "when I get one asking me for a recipe to write a novel. It generally runs 'I have lots of spare time and am fond of scribbling; could you advise me how to write a novel?' The depth of human folly."

"Well, would you tell me how you work, Mr. Collins?" I asked. The veteran lighted a fresh cigar and toying with an orange which he took from the table replied: "Well, I am not one of those who have the patience to write a *scenario*. I get the main subject well into my head and leave the details and complex elaborations to come afterwards. Some novelists find it possible to begin at the beginning. I tried that method in 'The Woman in White' and failed egregiously." "Did you ever avail yourself of suggestions sent by correspondents?" "Never, I think. I used to receive hundreds of letters containing hints for my guidance, and I used to sift them, and kept scrap books of cuttings, but I never found them useful."

A Hint to Law Students.

A young French barrister in his first case was called upon to defend a couple of deep-dyed villains, for whom there was no chance of escape. He wound up his address to the jury as follows: "Gentlemen, there is, in the south of France, a small village of two hundred inhabitants. In that village there stands a house, in that house there live an aged couple with their only daughter. The old man is pursuing a paper with feverish anxiety, the old lady is shedding tears over her knitting, the young woman sits at the window gazing wistfully at the sky. They are waiting to hear the result of this trial, which will cause them immense delight or profound despair according as my case is won or lost, for that old man is my father, that aged woman is my mother, and the young person is my sister!"

Worse than Headache.

Mrs. Hearall (who has dropped in for a minute)—I suppose your husband is suffering from a sick headache, Mrs. Tellall? I hear him groaning in the other room as if were having one of his bad spells.

Mrs Tellall—No; the poor man is shaving himself.

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Mr. Mulligay—Sing under Maud! They's one jist a-comin' over th' fence.—*Judge.*

My Fellow Passenger.

For Saturday Night.

The inevitable late arrival had just stepped aboard as the gangway was cleared, and the equally omnipresent and anxious maternal who was quite sure that a certain trunk had been left ashore, was filling the air with her lamentations and overhauling and prodding with her parasol every possible and impossible piece of baggage as the tender left Liverpool dock and, panting its smoky way through countless craft, hove to alongside one of the Allan liners. It was the last load, and the boat already showed signs of active preparations for the start. The decks were strewn with bagg gage, in the midst of which the aforementioned anxious maternal might have been seen triumphantly seated upon the missing portmanteau. Other to whom the fates had proved less propitious, were busily hunting up deserters from the ranks, or wildly careening after the "hands," who would insist upon lowering stateroom trunks into the unknown and apparently unfathomable regions of a miniature hole of Calcutta, commonly known as the hold.

Order was eventually produced out of seeming chaos. Deft stewards guided the passengers to their respective saloons. The engines with a throb started out on a fresh week of unceasing work. The luncheon bell rang out right lustily. The seafarers stormed the tables with a zest which for two or three days afterwards, in several instances, formed a great source of retrospective wonder, and the passengers commenced to enter upon those relations of intimacy which can alone be found on board when the whole possible range of interest and occupation is bounded by the narrow limit of the ship's timbers.

On the third day out empty seats at the dining tables commenced to know their former occupants once more, and for the first time I met my *vis a vis*. She was a demure little personage, having apparently passed the meridian of life. Her hair was slightly tinged with gray, and she possessed a womanly self-reliance, which spoke of years of lonely battling with the world. And yet there was an indefinable something about her which breathed of the possibilities of a bright and happy home, and made one wonder at the strange chance which had so evidently debarred her from filling her proper place as the head of a loving, domestic circle. It was not long before the social amenities of the table afforded abundant opportunity for the formation of an acquaintanceship, which the companionship of an after-dinner promenade on deck served to strengthen, and from that time until the close of the voyage I saw and learned a great deal regarding my newfound acquaintance.

It was impossible to prevent a natural feeling of curiosity from becoming aroused as to the circumstances which had led to her embarkation on the voyage. That she was merely in search of pleasure, one felt to be altogether out of the question, while it was equally apparent that her circumstances of life were such as to preclude the expense of the trip except for some good and sufficient reason. Probably going out to live with a member of the family who has found fortune in the new land, was my first conclusion, but later on she told me that the only near relation she possessed in the world was a brother whom she had left in England, a struggling curate enjoying the usual prerogative of a large family, which always seems to attach to the poorer members in the ministerial ranks. As we drew nearer our destination my companion manifested signs of an excited anticipation, altogether in excess of the curiosity which usually first becomes aroused upon visiting fresh scenes, and the night before we reached Quebec she sought the relief of a sympathetic listener for her overwrought nerves and told me her life story. Simple and Quixotic many might say, and yet, withal, telling of a spirit of noble self sacrifice, which far too rarely leavens the unbridled gratifications of the present day.

The night was calm and restful. The swell of the water proved just sufficient to rock the vessel with an easy lulling motion, and the surrounding influences were such as to form a fitting setting for the sweet and unaffected recital of courageous self-denial.

She took me back to twenty years before and drew the placid picture of a little Kentish parsonage with the ivy hidden church and lichen covered porch. Here she had been born and here her father had for many years presided over the spiritual welfare of the tiny parish. It was a happy household that she sketched for me, filled with the kindly words and tender deeds of a Christian home and the subtle influence of a loving mother. Humanity repeats itself the world over, and it was at this time, when twenty years of age, that her romance had come to her. A cousin whom she had not seen since childhood, was convalescing after a serious illness, and the kindly old parson sent him an invitation to come and spend the summer months with them and to recuperate his strength with the health-giving properties of country air and country fare. He came and the little god who has thrown his darts more or less round all of us, as usual found plenty of entanglements in which to ensnare two idle hearts. The invalid although strong enough to walk was still sufficiently on the sick list to require abundance of tender care and supervision, and in this relationship he and his "little nurse," as he used to dub her, found abundant occasion amid the shady country lanes to attune their hearts to the great psalm of life and love which abounded everywhere around them.

And so the weeks rolled by until the convalescent had been completely restored to vigor, and there no longer remained any excuse for trespassing upon hospitality or neglecting business claims. Long ere this his fair companion had felt the secret affinity which makes two hearts akin, and with the knowledge also came the diffidence attendant thereupon. This, together with the fact that no further cause remained for these little attentions of which sickness serves to prove the happy passport, led to an apparent estrangement which evidently created a feeling of pained surprise upon the part of her companion. He said nothing, however: nor did he seek to bridge over the coolness and so they parted. He to continue the mercantile operations which had been temporarily interrupted, and she to wear her heart out amid the quiet round of daily duties alone upon to women and which produce none of that oblivion superinduced by the excitements into which the sterner sex can plunge themselves.

Following this came the announcement, in an indirect way, that the erstwhile invalid had left for Canada, and as if the poor girl's cup of suffering had not already been filled to the brim her father and mother were both soon after stricken by the hand of death. There was no choice left but that of work, and, as usual in such cases, the only possible channel open to her was that of taking a position as governess. In this post of semi-domesticity she had toiled from that time until sailing on this trip, only casually hearing in a roundabout way that the absent one was doing well; that he had married, and latterly, that he had a family of four bright children. This was all and then came the news the year before that the wife was dead.

Another silence ensued, to be followed one morning by the receipt of a black bordered letter bearing the Canadian postmark and then the trusting little woman knew that the hard, cold silence had at last been broken. It was not much that the writer had to say. Simply that he had loved her from the first, but that he had always held conscientious objections to the marriage of cousins and for this reason had refrained from urging his suit in these early days, deeming too, latterly, that his affection was not reciprocated. It was only after questioning her brother that he had learned at the end of a few years that she still continued free and the dim consciousness then dawned upon him that perhaps his feelings had after all been reciprocated. Now that he was again at liberty, and in all these years he had, and he felt with success, endeavored to make the life of his wife contented and happy, he would declare a love which had been hers from the first. It was only a battered heart and the last years of declining life that he had to offer her, but if she could accept these he should look for her arrival as shortly as possible and in the knowledge that her kindly disposition had not in all probability led her to accumulate sufficient ready money to start upon the journey he proposed to enclose a check for the purposes of the trip.

Early next morning the steamer made Quebec, and the deck was soon crowded with the disgorged contents of the staterooms and groups of passengers anxiously looking for friends ashore, or critically scanning the surrounding characteristics of a new continent. As usual, upon such occasions, the friendly feelings of hail-fellow-well-met, so eminently characteristic of the companionship of the voyage, had entirely disappeared. Men who had lounged about the smoking room with jaunty clothes, and still jauntier caps, now looked at one another over scrupulously high collars, and nodded off-hand good mornings in a manner as conventional as the garments in which they had become metamorphosed. The fair sex cast supercilious glances at the companions with whom a short while ago they had apparently been on terms of closest intimacy, and altogether the onlooker could not fail to become forcibly impressed with the philosophy of the effect and power of man's habilitments as set forth in Sartor Resartus by the Sage of Chelsea.

Ere long the dock was reached and the daughters of Eve were speedily engaged with the custom house officers in the most ardent and uncompromising repudiations relative to the possession of any dutiable goods, albeit the successful disposal of such articles had occupied the whole attention of the majority of them for at least three days before the steamer made port. The customary bantering and badgering and ruthless disarrangement of boxes which had been packed with Japanese compactness and into which unhappy owners were vainly trying to re-stow all the original contents, was being carried on when I bethought myself of my companion of the voyage. Looking around I was just in time to see a tall man with iron grey beard stride with eager steps to the side of the trembling little traveler, and as he clasped her in his strong arms I heard him murmur with deepest emotion, "My dearest, have I found you at last?"

No Credit to the Neighborhood.

Mrs. O'Meara (boastfully)—Is it a book ye have? Sure 'n it's cash I pay for everything I buy.

Mrs. Flynn—Will, an' of ye didn't, ther things ye bought would be sntill in the shtore.—*Puck.*

A Sure Indication.

Foreman of the *Sliced Canon Death-Grip*—We're jest quarter of a stick short on th' last column. Got any more copy?

Editor—No; but run in an obituary on Hen Pettigrew.

Foreman—Why, he ain't dead!

Editor—Never mind; he will be. I just saw him going into the Moonlight Jiggle saloon with his trousers outside his boots. They can't stand dudes over there.—*Judge.*

A Tough Pie.

Mrs. Pancake (o tram.)—Well, what do you want?

Tramp—Here, mum, is der pie I stold off yer window yesterday. There may be two or three teeth stickin' in it, but otherwise 't ain't hurt any!—*Life.*

He Could Ride.

Master of Fox Hounds (to indignant farmer)—I'm sure you can't take offence, sir.

Indignant Farmer—Can't I, though! It's you and your dude followers that can't take a fence without breaking down the rails, and well nigh killin' yourselves.

At the Riding School.

Miss Tenstone—Will you assist me to alight?

Chumley (nervous at the prospect—offers her a match)—Certainly, of course—ha, ha! Didn't know you smoked, don't cher know!

A Famous Domicile

Storrs on Windermere, we are told, has been sold to a limited company "for building purposes," which is not good news. Storrs was one of the many houses in Lakeland associated with its noble band of poets, and, indeed, beneath its roof their glory on one occasion at least may be said to have culminated. It was here, when Scott was staying with Wordsworth at Grasmere, that the two bards, with Southey and a brilliant company, including the Prime Minister of the day, were invited by Mr. Bolton, the hospitable owner, and a regatta held in their honor. Christopher North, "the Admiral of the Lake," led the fleet of yachts, and the scene was as bright a one as Genius and Nature ever combined to create. All have long been dead and over almost all Oblivion is drawing her jealous veil. If the villas that the limited company will build upon that beautiful spot should bear their names it is as much as can be expected of posterity. But what a meeting that must have been, and in how fit a scene! Felicia Hemans doubtless looked down upon it from Dove's Nest. It was before Harriet Martineau's time, but she would often speak of the Ironlike old Admiral, with his shaggy hair and noble face, steering the packed boat on Windermere and chatting with the delighted market-folk. Lakeland's last poet left it the other Bay for some other haven, and it will never, probably, be the Home of Bards, though Nature obviously so intended it, again:

No, those days are gone away,
And their hours are old and grey,
And the'r minutes brief i all
Under the down-trodden pall
Of the leaves of many years.

It requires a shock even to recall them to memory and in the news that Storrs is to be let on building leases one gets it.—*Illustrated London News*

She Liked Cattle.

They tell a good story of Lady Maude, daughter of the Earl of Airlie, who went West with her father and brother when they bought their ranch in Colorado. The wealthy property owner with whom they were conducting their business endeavored to interest the girl in a conversation, and asked politely if she were fond of traveling, to be met with a cold and uncompromising "No." Nothing daunted, he expatiated at some length on the natural beauties of the country, and concluded by asking if she cared for scenery. Once more came the familiar "No," followed this time by a long silence, which was broken by a timid assumption that she must in that case be devoted to the social pleasures—this gleam of hope, however, being quenched by the stereotyped "No." Driven to desperation the man turned on her and abruptly demanded: "What are you fond of then?" and received the amazing reply, "Cattle."—*N. Y. Truth*

Inquisitive.

Proprietor—My friend, this is a very handsome clock of the most improved pattern. It will run eight days without winding.

Casey (just ever)—Begorra! It's a great clock, it is. Would yez moind tellin' me how long it would go av yez should woind it up wanst?—*Judge.*

No Opposition.

De Brusshe.—Yes; I'm fairly in love with my work

Sninick.—Lucky lover! You'll never have a rival.—*Puck.*

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column," SATURDAY NIGHT Office.]

C. A. T., Toronto—Determined, wilful, a little selfish, ambitious, prudent, and a good calculator.

H. S. T.—You are not reckled enough in action. You are fickl in friendship, generous, easy going, and amiable.

LOUIS, Woodstock.—Impulsive, generous, fickle and inclines to flirtation. I think your friends will be attracted by your bright fun-loving nature, and while you care for them you will be true. Yes, you are proud, but not supercilious.

EARNIE, Woodstock.—Ambitious, nervous temperament, impulsive, determined, affectionate and likely to be fickle. 1. If her mother does not object and the gentleman wishes it. 2. It is not wrong to exchange photographs with a gentleman who is your friend, but certainly allow him to ask for it. 3. Age really makes little difference, for some are older at a certain age than others are at that age plus five.

POTIPHAR.—The word Tacoma is probably of Indian origin. We cannot give its population. The Koran was fragmentary during Mahomet's life, but a year after his death, in A. D. 651, the various manuscripts were collected, and it is claimed that the present Koran is identical with the one then compiled. The Bible, as we now have it, assumed its present form in the reign of James I. The revised edition is not in general use.

GLADYS L. BANN, Woodstock.—I am pleased to know that the character delineated by your writing was correct. With regard to the one point in which we differ, allow me to suggest that you misunderstand me. You may not have an enemy in the world; you may bear ill-feeling to no one, and yet I think I am correct in saying that you would be a bitter enemy were your dislike, contempt or hatred incurred by any one. Your writing is a little small and many of the loop and stem letters are misformed. Of the poems, the first is best, but its metre is out in several places, and some of the metaphors badly mixed. Try again and give especial attention to those two essentials to good poetry.

Art in Dress.

The newest and noblest sack is the double-breasted, with the fronts boldly cut away from the lower button. Taylor & Co., art tailors, 39 Yonge street.

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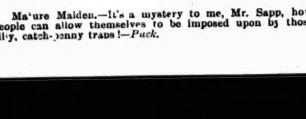
Slightly Unexpected.

Mature Maiden.—Oh, Mr. Sapp, there's another of those delightful drop-a-nickel machines! They're always getting up something new in that line; let us go over and see what this one is!



Mature Maiden.—It's a mystery to me, Mr. Sapp, how people can allow themselves to be imposed upon by those silly, catch-penny traps!—*Puck.*

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Daughter (recently married)—Boo, hoo! My husband doesn't—lo-love me any more. He didn't kiss me when he came home, and he—he kept reading away from me whenever I went near him; and—and now he's in the library, don't want—don't want to be disturbed—boo, hoo, hoo!

Fond Mother—Calm yourself, my dear. He loves you as much as ever, but I suppose he has taken a drink and doesn't want you to know it.—*N. Y. World.*

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At Church

What I saw, heard, didn't see and didn't hear at the re-opening of St. James' Cathedral, on Sunday, October 13:

I saw: A grand old church. A great improvement in the appearance of the interior. The great rent to be filled by the new organ. Four learned divines. Two of whom were graduates of the Provincial University. An eminent Q.C. nodding during the sermon. A handsome infantry major take up the collection. The counsel for "the plaintiff." Our chief of police. Many who came a long distance to church. A tablet in memory of one who died fighting for his country. A prominent educationist with a new wife under the shadow of a tablet to the memory of the former one. A tired clock. Some who had forgotten the location of their pews. The boy at the bellows. A solid silver communion service. A seat for all alike. A very interesting family from North Toronto. An A.D.C. to the Queen.

I heard: A powerful, appropriate and scholarly sermon. Too much coughing. Classical music. A prayer well read. A bad singer very near me. The fire alarm. An unusual service.

I didn't see: An ex-mayor of Toronto. The Queen's Park Q. C. The ex-bank president. The church crowded. The old familiar pulpit.

I didn't hear: Any well-known hymn tunes. Hearty responses. The familiar stroke of the clock. More than two-thirds of the sermon.

SINBAD.

The Land of the Viking and the Empire of the Tzar,

By E. Fraser Blackstock, is a book of travel which gives an exceedingly pleasant account of a summer trip to these northern lands. Russia has been lately brought prominently before the reading public through the able articles of Mr. Kennan and other American writers, and much has been written concerning the social questions and the horrors of Siberian penal servitude.

Mrs. Blackstock's book evidently does not pretend to be more than a record of those things which, as one might say, the natural eye may see. Without going much below the surface, this Toronto lady has used a very intelligent observation to bring together much valuable information not easily acquired from other sources. As an amateur in authorship Mrs. Blackstock must be congratulated on her success in quickening the reader's interest in pursuing the journey, and the only fear is that a spirit of discontent will be bred in those of us who are not so fortunate as to be able in reality to visit far off countries with a civilization so different to our own. For it is of churches at St. Petersburg, rich in their semi-barbaric splendor, and of palaces filled with incalculable treasures that we are told. Antiquities and paintings are tersely and graphically described; and "The Wonders of the Kremlin" forms a chapter of more than passing interest. Some scenes commemorative of Ivan the Terrible and his many cruelties, may possibly mar the page for those who do not care to reflect on kingly atrocities.

The sweet and satisfying repose of Norway is prettily dwelt upon, and lovers of Grieg's music will delight in reading of the surroundings whence he draws his inspiration. Deeply impressed by the lonely grandeur of the scene, as she looked over the vast expanse of the Arctic Ocean from the summit of the North Cape, the authoress says: "Gazing into the infinite space, we seemed alone with Deity; a strong realization of our own insignificance forced itself upon us. . . . . The strangely powerful influence that nature exerts over human beings was never more potent than when we stood at the North Cape." The peculiarly beautiful effect of the midnight sun does not fail to receive due mention. There are character sketches, descriptive of the inhabitants, not unworthy of a more experienced hand. Take for example that of a young Norseman: "He was tall, well-built, fair-haired, blue-eyed, and seemed to be a descendant of some old Viking, the very air surrounding him seemed impregnated with an aroma of wassail bowls, feasts and junketings of bygone days, and we almost expected him to raise a tankard to his lips, crying: 'Skoal! to the Norseman, Skoal!' but as he drew nearer the indefinable something became a well-defined odor of garlic and onions! Alas! our Viking was human, and had lunched. We transacted our business hastily and fled."

Exception must be taken to the illustrations, which are very poor reproductions from photographs. The process is manifestly at fault. This is the more to be regretted as the general appearance of the little volume is otherwise tasteful, and bears the imprint of Putnam & Sons, the well-known publishers of New York.

* Williamson & Co., Toronto.

There is a manner of forgiveness so divine that you are ready to embrace the offender for having called it forth.

In all things preserve integrity, and the consciousness of thine own uprightness will alleviate the toil of business, soften the hardness of ill-success and disappointments, and give thee an humble confidence before God, when the ingratitude of man, or the iniquity of the times, may rob thee of other reward.

MUSIC

Mr. Sheppard has given us a good musical opening this week in the shape of the Carleton Opera Company, an organization which has been singing in the States with good success for several years, but which never came to Toronto before. Mr. Will T. Carleton, its manager, has been here before, the first time with Clara Louise Kellogg, if I am not mistaken, and the last time in a concert company with Mme. Marie Roze-Mapleson in '77 or '78. In addition to his duties as manager he performs still more acceptably those of baritone. As Falsacappa, the brigand chief in Offenbach's Les Brigands, he sang so as to still show the beautiful voice we old 'uns admired some twelve years ago. Great compass, brilliancy, and wonderful sweetness are still its attributes. Its compass may be inferred from the fact that the role is a tenor part and, though there is here and there a transposition, there is still enough good tenor work to be done in ensembles to scare the life out of the ordinary baritone. As an actor, however, Mr. Carleton does not shine. His stage bearing is negligent, even uncouth at times.

The company generally is exceptionally good. The chorus has been organized for singing purposes and accomplishes its duty thoroughly and surely. The tone is bright and strong, with good, certain attacks and a fine, business-like style about all its work. While vocal efficiency has evidently been the first point of qualification, the other plastic and artistic recommendations have not been overlooked, and the result is a very fair concatenation of good looks. The mounting of the opera is superb, the dresses being lavishly ornamented, and every detail receiving due and proper attention. The orchestra is slightly enlarged, a second cornet and a violoncello being added to the general forces, and out of this small band Mr. Haig, the musical director, produced very good results. The opera itself is one of the many modelled on the old story of Robert Macaire, but unlike its congeners, Erminie and Dorothy, lacks the bubbling comedy element possessed by the latter. It is more staid and oldfashioned, but in its music shows some of old Offenbachs best ideas.

Little Miss Clara Lane is a most satisfactory singer. She is so enthusiastic that every hearer sympathizes with her at once. She has a bright, clear voice, and I most gratefully add that she always sings in tune, a matter that so many singers sin about. She is graceful and vivacious and speedily made herself a favorite on Monday evening. Miss Alice Carle who was, I believe, at one time in the fine company controlled by Mr. Roland Gideon Israel Barnett, and who last year was here with the Yeoman of the Guard, has a congenial part as Fiorella. There is just enough mischief in the role to make it a happy one for Miss Carle, whose figure and appearance coincide very well with the idea of the volatile and somewhat fickle Italian. She sings well, albeit with an occasional unnatural headiness of tone which had better be dropped. The support is extremely good, especially Mr. Bigelow as Pietro. He does, here and there, some delicious little bit of comedy. Nanon was put on for the later days of the week, but too late for present notice.

The Vocal Society is to be congratulated upon the versatility of its members. On Monday evening, owning to the illness of its conductor, rather than waste a rehearsal evening, Mr. David Kemp took up the stick, and conducted a thoroughly satisfactory practice. This is the proper spirit and proper material to make a society of, a combination that places it superior to the ordinary accidents of everyday life.

The choir of the Church of the Redeemer held its first service of song on Wednesday of last week when a large congregation attended, and on issuing from the building was loud in its expressions of satisfaction. Mme. D'Auria sang in a manner that she has not excelled in public in Toronto, her selection being by Verdi, rearranged by Signor D'Auria. Miss Marie Strong also was in good voice, and gave an excellent rendering of the prayer from Costa's Eli. A solo in an anthem was sung very effectively and with great expression by Miss Annie Langstaff. The organ solos by Messrs. Dinelli and Fairclough were very well rendered.

The concerts of the future are gradually looming up and taking shape. On Tuesday next the Musin Concert Company, comprising the great Ovide himself, Mme. Annie Louise Tanner, Mlle. Pauline Montegriffo, Signor Mariano Maina, and Herr Eduard Scharf, will give a concert at the Pavilion. M. Musin has already frequently delighted us, but I think we can enjoy him once more quite readily. On Wednesday, All Saints' Choir, under Mr. G. H Fairclough, the organist, will hold a Harvest Thanksgiving Service, choral in character, singing Tours' Evening Service and Watson's Praise the Lord O my Soul. On Thursday the combined Queen's Own and Thirteenth band concert, with Mrs. Mackelcan and Mr. Schuch as vocalists. On Wednesday, November 6, Miss Nora Clench will made her re appearance in Canada at the New Academy of Music, giving that institution a fitting opening. Miss Clench's success in Europe and the good support Mr. Percival Greene is securing for her ought to make this quite a musical event. The following evening brings St. George's Society to the front with a programme consisting of Mrs. Agnes Thomson, Miss Annie Langstaff, Miss Jessie Alexander, Mr. E. W. Schuch, Mr. Grant Stewart, Mr. G Dinelli and the choir of the Church of the Redeemer. On the 11th the Heintzman Band will give a concert, assisted by the great cornetist Levy, Mme. Stella Levy, Miss Rosa Linde, Mr. Lavin and Mr. Edward Shonert, and on the following evening the second People's Popular Concert will take place. The Irish Protestant Benevolent Society follows on the 14th, with Mrs. Agnes Thomson, Mrs. Mackelcan, Mr. E. W. Schuch and the band of the Queen's Own Rifles. So that we shall not starve this autumn for want of music.

The Choral Society has fairly settled down to work, and under Mr. Fisher's painstaking direction is working away at Mozart's Mass in C and D' Auria's cantata, the Sea King's Bride. The chorus has turned out well, a number of new voices having joined. The latter of these two works will possess special interest for Torontonians, as both Sig. D' Auria and the librettist, Mrs. Edgar Jarvis, are our townspeople.

The Conservatory orchestra is progressing favorably under the charge of Mr. Guiseppi Dinelli, who speaks highly of his flock, and who would like additions to their number.

At one time it was the fashion, when God Save the Queen was placed on a programme, to credit it to Dr. John Bull, and the tune has generally been considered English, although used by other countries as well. It appeared in Berlin as the Prussian National Anthem—Heil Dir im Sieger Kranz, in 1793. Now, a musical paper in Hamburg has dug out the fact that Mme de Brinon, directress of the Institute of St. Cyr, wrote a hymn in honor of Louis XIV., Grand Dieu, Sauvez le Roi, the music being composed by Jean Baptiste Lulli, 1635 1687. Thus perish, one by one, our cherished illusions.

METRONOME.

The Drama.

The Carleton Opera Company opened at the Grand Opera House on Monday night in the New York Casino success, The Brigands. I went to see it with great expectations, for The Brigands has been heralded by many American papers as one of the most complete and perfect comic operas in many respects that has been put on the American stage. And then it had the record of its great summer run at the Casino where its humor and its music, assisted by the incomparable charms of Lillian Russell and the more majestic proportions of Isabel Urquhart and the roof garden with its Hungarian band and flashing fountains, nightly attracted crowds during the sultriest of the dog-days—or more properly dog-nights. I was not disappointed in The Brigands as presented by Mr. Carleton's company.

In all opera, and especially in comic opera, the dramatic purpose is subordinated to the musical, and The Brigands is no exception. I shall not, therefore, give the story of the operetta, which deals with incidents in the life of a brigand chief pursuing his nefarious calling, and which introduces as two leading characters his daughter and a young farmer, her lover. With such an environment there is room for beautiful costuming, and it seems as if the form of garments worn by the children of the land of sunny skies has been made up in as many varieties of color and tint as there are wearers on the stage. In the costuming and scenery, however, the coloring is quiet, the harmonies are observed, there is no garishness to offend the eye and there is also an absence of much of the pinky fleshiness which has been so marked a characteristic of recent comic opera. The chorus girls are pretty—who ever saw them otherwise!—and are trained, as their singing testifies, to be more useful than to pose so as to exhibit the rounded graces of their forms or march with the precision of the horse marines.

Mr. W. T. Carleton, always a favorite here, has not injured his reputation by his rendering of the Brigand Chief. Miss Alice J. Carle was bright and vivacious as the Brigand's daughter, while petite and pretty Clara Lane made a decided hit as Fragoletto, the young farmer. The support is good and the company has done good business all week.

Next week the popular comedians, Messrs. Hallen and Hart, will be seen at the Grand Opera House in the musical farce, Later On. Mr. Fred Hallen and Mr. Joe Hart are not unknown in Toronto, and are two as popular and versatile comedians as are now before the public. Later On, it is said, was specially written to fit the comedians, with parts fitted to their individualities. The company is said to contain a number of clever people, and the play is one of the most successful farce comedies on the road.

At the Toronto Opera House, Fanny Louise Buckingham and her old gray horse have been playing Mazeppa and thrilling fair women and brave men with the fierce ride across the Russian steppes. Neither Miss Buckingham, nor James Melville, her steed, seem any older or any better than heretofore. Mr. Harry Crandall, as Drolinski, infuses a little modern fun into a play which should have been superannuated years ago.

"We live in Bohemia, you know," said Miss Clara Lane of the Carleton Opera Company, as I asked if she found time to read much. "Yes," I replied, "but isn't it a very pleasant way to live?" "Yes," was the answer, half-sadly it seemed, too. Miss Lane is not Clara Lane, but Mrs. Murray; and she and her pleasant faced husband seem a very devoted couple. Mrs. Murray is a Bostonian, petite in figure, vivacious, thoroughly in love with her profession though she looked a little sorrowful as she spoke of her baby boy, who had to be consigned to the care of his grandmother because Bohemia's life would not suit his infantile majesty.

Professing to like Toronto well, Mrs. Murray admitted that Western people were wholehearted and impulsive; while her husband put in, "They're the best people in the world." "I read all sorts of things," said Mrs. Murray, laughingly, "sometimes good literature and sometimes the veriest trash—the trashiest thing I can find."

I asked for an example of the veriest trash, having some doubts as to what author should be allowed to wear the laurel in that respect but she forgot to tell me. After learning that she had a leaning towards drama, though she had now drifted into opera, I bade good-bye to the unaffected little sweet voiced singer and sought Miss Alice Carle. I found her reclining on a sofa, in a charming *negligé* costume. In speaking of the number of years during which she had been upon the stage, she told me that temporarily she had retired. "That time," she added with a laugh, which was not all merriment, "was when I was married."

"Why, is marriage a failure?" I asked.

"In my case, yes," was the reply. "I did feel badly enough. The trouble was very real while it lasted, but now," with a little, hard laugh, "I can be gay when I think of it. I tell you honestly," said Miss Carle—who is really Mrs. Seymour—"married people should have no relatives. My husband had a mother. She wasn't a failure; she was a very prominent feature of our married life, and—oh, well, I outgrew my infatuation and went back to my profession, which I hope never to leave again. Bohemia is very gay, and I am tolerably happy."

Mrs. Seymour's brown eyes look bewitching yet, though she told me she considered twenty-four quite a youthful age.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

The Indian (?) actress, Mrs. Go-Wan-Go, who was seen here last year, failed to appear at Jacobs' Hoboken Theater on Monday night in The Indian Mail Carrier because her husband, Go-Wan-Go, a genuine Indian, had just arrived in that city and had threatened to shoot her if she came on the stage. He claims that he met and married his wife in Mexico, and that after living with him for some time she eloped with Charles Charles, a cowboy, with whom she now travels as Mrs. Charles Charles. The actress claims that the Indian treated her brutally and that she then obtained a divorce and married Mr. Charles.

Pretty little Georgie Dennin, who it will be remembered, was seen here in the Erminie companies, is 22 years old, and is a widow. There is no more plucky woman on the stage than she is, and there is a man in Sing Sing prison now who can endorse this statement. This man met her near the Reservoir Park, New York, one night some months ago, and grabbing her pocketbook, darted off with it. Mrs. Dennin gathered up her skirts and darted after him in hot pursuit. She caught him and clung pluckily to him until a policeman appeared and marched him off to the station house.

American theatrical people found themselves imprisoned in London this summer because Mr. Edward H. Low was not able to get special steamers at his command to convey them to the United States at a moment's notice. The rush this way had been so enormous that at one time, it is said, something like a thousand Americans in London were unable to obtain transportation of any kind across the Atlantic. A very large number of these were professional people who, improvident in making their arrangements for the future just as they are improvident in everything they do in life, found themselves without any possible facilities for returning home. A well-known comedienne, it is said, arrived in New York recently in the steerage.

A Shorthand Conclave.

Last Monday evening the members of the Canadian Shorthand Society held the initial monthly meeting for the season in their new quarters in the Y. M. C. A. building, the President, Mr. N. S. Dunlop, being in the chair. The evening was spent in discussing various phases of shorthand work, and some interesting speeches were made by a number of gentlemen relating to their various experiences in the profession. Mr. Smythe of Belfast, Ireland, was present and discoursed on the state of the art in Ireland, and the difficulties experienced by the government reporter in shorthanding the sayings of frisky land leaguers. He stated that he had traveled on a bicycle quite extensively through the South of Ireland last summer and had failed to find the misery and destitution so much talked about, which leads us to ask if these accounts can be true or does shorthand contribute towards making a man take an easy and good-natured, not to say optimistic, view of life! A very interesting paper on "Shorthand in a Railway Office" by Mr. Taylor of Oswego was read by Mr. T. Pinkney the secretary and a discussion followed. Mr. R. Lewis, who has been a writer for many years and who finds shorthand invaluable in his private work, evolved an idea which is worth looking into by public speakers, preachers and educationists everywhere. He attributes much of the indistinctness of speech noticeable both in public and private to failure to properly comprehend the real sound to be conveyed by the organs of speech. This fault could be removed largely by the study of phonography, for every writer must first dissolve the word into its component parts and only the essential sounds are written. Of course, writing in the rational or phonetic manner must conduce to correctness and clearness of speech. By means of meetings such as these this society, which has been in existence since 1885, is doing considerable to create a fraternal feeling in the profession and to promote the welfare of its members.

He Fled.

"I'm perfectly willing to do any sort of work, ma'am," he argued as she held the door open. "I don't ask you to give me a meal for nothing."

"You'll earn it, will you?" she asked.

"Certainly I will. All I ask for is the opportunity."

"Are you particular about the work?"

"Not in the least. Set me at any blessed thing."

"Very well. I've got a hired girl who has been running the house for a week or so, and I haven't the moral courage to discharge her. Come in and work her out."

"Let me see her, ma'am. I'll go to the back door and size her up."

He was gone about two minutes, and when he came back he nearly carried the side gate off its hinges in his hurry to get through. He didn't even stop in the front yard, but as he kept on he turned his face to the crack in the door and said:

"Thank you very kindly, ma'am, but I guess I ain't hungry and can make these old clothes do me till next spring!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Views of Three Savants.

The Crack Tennis Player—Baseball! Sport! Well, Heaven defend me from a senseless scrimmage of that sort!

The Crack Baseballist—What! Me fool around with a little rubber ball like that! Why, I couldn't hit it hard enough!

The Crack Footballist—Well, when it comes to slugging, I don't want a bat, gloves and mask. The kind of tackle I use don't have a net, either, and the ball is big enough to see.

On Diverse Strings

Tempted.

For Saturday Night:

Yes; I am strangely tempted. But just now
Methought I heard a something whisper low—
(It may have been that bird up on you bough)
"Remember her you loved a year ago."

A needless warning—I do not forget—
I never can forget while life shall last;
I fain would do so if I could—and yet
There is a bitter pleasure in the past.

How well I loved the girl—God only knows;
Why she should prove so false, I cannot tell;
Perchance 'tis woman's nature. Some day may disclose
A just and goodly cause. Ah well! Ah well!

It is the same old story—"false and fair,"
Scarce twenty summers have you seen—but she was older;
Even with mine came up her golden hair;
Your dark brown tresses barely reach my shoulder.

Her eyes were of the very loveliest blue
That ever let a teardrop trickle down;
That pearly thing in yours is like the dew,
Dropt on a pansy of the softest brown.

Yet, when I touched your hand a while ago,
And felt it thrill my pulses through and through,
I checked myself; for I was bending low
To whisper, darling, I love, I love you.

So—thing I can't define, nor scarcely understand,
Though I have pondered o'er it, very very oft,
That dual power in a woman's hand—
Fierce, in its tremor—in its pressure, soft.

Fierce, when like electric shock it sends
A strange wild thrill through every inmost part,
Till mingled with the touch of lips it blends
Soul into soul, heart into heart.

Soft, when it soothes the weary, fevered brow;
Soft, as we near the dark, lethiferous strand.
Tell me, who can, from whence it came, and how,
The wondrous power is but in woman's hand.

Ah, well! ah, well! I will not moralize;
Full well a woman knows her beauty's power
And fascination—love in rude disguise—
Misleads too oft in strong temptation's hour.

My heart still holds its one first only love.
'Twould be a useless, broken toy to thee;
If poor, frail woman must inconstant prove,
Let man—God's primal work—more constant be.

The Reason Why.

For Saturday Night:

A preacher of learning,
With eloquence burning,
As his fold he endeavored to guard;
By duty's call fired,
"Oh why!" he enquired,
"Is the way of the transgressor hard?"

With a delicate smile,
From a young man of guile,
Whom the eloquence seemed not to touch,
Came this whispered reply,
As he closed his left eye:
"Guess it's hard 'cause it's traveled so much."

Anacreon.

For Saturday Night.

Heedless Cupid once did linger,
Plucking roses from the tree,
When a bee his rosy finger
Ruthless stung. Swift fluttered he
To his mother sobbing, crying:
"I am dead! It killed me!
Little ugly snake a-flying;
Toad which farmers call a bee."
Lovely Venus, soothing, chiding,
Softly said: "Since thus you feel
Prick of bee in roses hiding,
How may man your dart-wounds heal?" M.

Why, What Was That?

'Tis some lover gently tapping at the pane
Below!
'Tis the rustle on the window of the rain!
Not so.
Is it sighing of the gale?
Is it creeping of the snail?
Or a wandering pussy's tail?
Oh, no!
The idea, of course, is quite a pretty thought.
That's so.
I regret to say it's nothing of the sort.
No, no.
It's a burglar getting in
To collar all your tin.
So, unless you go to win—
Don't go.

The Play.

I sit a mute spectator in the pit,
And watch the Tragi-Comedy of Life:
The buffoon's laughter, and the flash of wit,
The love that heavens, and the assassin's knife.

And just because an act is yet to come,
(The fifth, that evens all and dries our tears)
My foolish thoughts are dark and troublesome,
And over-sad the tangled plot appears.

But if I still remain, as others do,
Trusting the playwright, sit'ng with my frien's,
Methinks the story will prove sweet and true,
And I shall read its meaning as it ends

Jim.

So Jim is dead! I don't know why
It should be so, but, do you know
It seems a most unnatural thing
That Jim shou'd die.

He seemed so sure to win; in all he tried
He came out best; he beat the rest,
As sportsmen say, "hands down,"
And yet he died.

When we were chums—I don't suppose
There ever were a warmer pair—
We used to speculate on death,
And now he knows.

He used to say: "You never can
Convince my mind that I shall find
A better world beyond than this."
How now, old man

It seems so weak of Jim. But stop!
I comprehend—my dear old friend,
In this, as o't before, you have
Come out on top.

Noted People.

Amelie Rives-Chanler is going to spend a month in Spain this winter.

M. Nantet, the Belgian author, drives about in a small phaeton drawn by dogs.

Barnum recently shipped to England two hundred tons of picture posters as his first instalment of his advertising properties.

Mrs. Cleveland's hunting rifle is a 32 calibre Winchester, the joy of every Adirondack guide who saw it. The deer she laid low was indeed hit by her, but for security's sake was given another ball by Dr. Ward.

Mr. James Runciman in the Newcastle *Leader* accuses Rider Haggard of having stolen some description written by him in the *Pall Mall Gazette* in 1886, and having transferred it bodily to Mr. Meeson's Will.

The Czar's two uncles, the Grand Dukes Constantine and Nicholas, are now confirmed invalids. Nicholas, who resembles his father and was one of the handsomest men in Europe, is now a tottering and bent old man, the victim of incurable liver malady.

Colonel Frederick D. Grant has written to the New York *World* that his family are satisfied to have the tomb of General Grant wherever the nation wishes to build it, only the dead soldier's request that a place be reserved by his side for his wife must be obeyed.

Robert Louis Stevenson a few years ago found it very difficult to get any of his stories accepted by the magazines. Now he cannot write them fast enough. His health is delicate, but his imagination vivid and romantic, and all his stories have a weird and ghostly background.

Mrs. Leland Stanford has the most valuable collection of diamonds in the world, except the crown jewels of Russia and Great Britain. One of her necklaces is worth $600,000, and her entire collection is valued at $2,000,000. The rarest gems from the caskets of the ex-Queen Isabella of Spain and the ex Empress Eugenie are now owned by Mrs. Stanford.

Wilkie Collins had written just three-fourths of Blind Love, the story which is now coming out in the *Illustrated London News*, when he was taken ill at the beginning of July, but, according to the *World*, he had drawn out a most elaborate synopsis of the concluding portion, in case he might not be able to complete it himself; so that Mr. Walter Besant has found no difficulty in finishing it in accordance with the design of the author.

Robert J. Burdette, the professional humorist, has been acting as pastor of the Lower Merion Baptist Church, Philadelphia, during the past summer. Last Sunday evening he preached his farewell sermon prior to setting out on a lecture tour. He recently remarked: "I think I shall some day give up lecturing and settle down in a little country parsonage. This is my ideal life and if I had known enough of theology I might be a preacher now."

The Baroness Cantoni, a Milanese young lady of nineteen, noted for her beauty as well as her originality, has announced her intention of undertaking a journey into the interior of Africa. She will be accompanied by a relative, an elderly lady belonging to the Austrian aristocracy, and attended by several male and female servants. An officer in the Italian army has undertaken to lead the expedition and is already busily engaged in making arrangements. The party will set out on November 1, and the tour will last for a year.

Miss Constance Fenimore Woolson is described by Arthur Stedman as of slender figure, somewhat above the medium height, with dark brown hair, fair complexion, and thoughtful face. She was born at Claremont, in the Connecticut Valley, and educated at Madame Chegaray's famous French school in New York. Her early years were spent in Cleveland, Ohio, and on the island of Mackinac, in the straits connecting lakes Huron and Michigan. She often accompanied her father on his business trips, which covered the country that includes the Great Lakes and the Central States. Miss Woolson's first contribution to the press was a sketch called The Happy Valley, published in *Harper's Monthly* for July, 1870. Miss Woolson does not compose her stories rapidly. She was nearly three years in writing Anne, which story has all the evidences of care and thought in its construction.

Edison has been lionized in Paris and London. An interviewer says: One got a dozen interesting words out of him, and then somebody else pressed up to say this or to ask that, and one stood aside to abide another chance. But it was almost as interesting to watch him as to talk to him. In repose, the lower part of his face is a trifle heavy—solid would be a better word—but it all lights up in a wonderful way when he gets a little warm in talk. That smile, too, is so captivating! The man bubbles over with kindliness. He moved about listening here, and putting questions there; his brain on the go always. When his face is set and still, there is a reminiscence of the first Napoleon, particularly in the mouth and jaw. When my turn came again, I asked Mr. Edison if he had been able to form any impression of London. No; he had barely seen it; but the Embankment had impressed him as one of the grandest thoroughfares in Europe.

The late Lady Holland was once described as a copy of her mother-in-law seen through the small end of an opera glass; but she was a clever woman, and her conversational powers were remarkable. She was a kind and a staunch friend to those whom she liked. Lady Holland's garden parties at Holland House, which were discontinued about six years ago, in consequence of her increasing infirmities, were very remarkable entertainments. There was always a great gathering of Royalties, with all the best of the really smart people, and a large number of guests who were distinguished only for their own talents; but the *nouveaux riches* herd were rigorously excluded. Lady Holland continued her small dinner-parties and receptions until the last, and when out of town she received guests every week at St. Ann's Hill. Her death closes the very last *salon* in London, and many of the *habitues* of Holland House will feel the blank as long as they can feel anything.

Henry Irving at the Lyceum Theater

As the chimes are pealing out a quarter past ten, I present myself at a dingy little door, in a dingy little street running somewhere round in the rear of the Lyceum Theater, and in a couple of minutes I find myself following a guide through what might be a region of Dante's Inferno. Queer looking machines are hissing out shafts of colored light, and silent groups of figures are clustered here and there in shadows only just dense enough to render them dim and inscrutable, many of them, in the general gloom and obscurity behind the scenes, looking even more striking than they ever have done in front.

A few yards further on and my conductor stops at a half-opened door, at which he raps, and then ushers me in and introduces me to two gentlemen, one of whom is busily writing and the other counting a pile of money. I have come to see Mr. Irving.

The great actor will be off the scene in a few moments. He will then make some changes of garb for the final act of the play, and, this having been done, he will be at leisure for a short time, and will, I am told, be glad to see his visitor. Accordingly, I am presently conducted up a staircase, and with a whispering, hasty sort of movement, I am ushered into a small, handsomely-furnished room, all ablaze with light and sparkling with mirrors, and I am received with very pleasant cordiality by the generally recognized chief of the theatrical profession.

I can scarcely recognise Mr. Irving, and find it difficult to realise that I am talking to him; moreover, I am under a certain perplexing sense of incongruity between his aspect in stage dress and his refined and scholarly conversation that renders it extremely difficult for me to sustain my part in it with any degree of credit. After a little of the usual preliminary one, of course, begins to talk of matters theatrical.

"Your world, Mr. Irving, is a world of magic and mystery, a world of illusion and unreality. It is not surprising that a good many people get the strangest notions of actors and actresses, and all their ways and works. But I think you are better understood than you were, and it is allowed that the social status of the

IRVING IN HIS DRESSING ROOM

profession has decidedly advanced of late years. What do you take to be the chief cause of this?"

"The world," replied Mr. Irving, "doesn't stands still; then why expect any part of it to do so? It would be a strange thing if the material and intellectual progress of a nation did not find some reflex in the nature of its amusements, looking at the stage in its least important aspect."

"Has the greater credit of the theatrical profession exercised any perceptible influence on the class and the number of candidates presenting themselves?"

"Whatever may have been the reason, of late years there has been an enormous influx of beginners. In fact, there has been so many that the law of the 'survival of the fittest' has come into acute operation. The demand has not kept pace with the supply, and there is at present very much distress, not only among the younger members of the profession, but amongst the elder generation of players, many of whom find that they have lost their place in the race. A time is fast coming when it will be necessary for many who have found their career as regards the stage an unsuccessful one, to reconsider their position, and to try some other calling as a means of livelihood."

"What is the ordinary way of getting on to the stage? How do you discover your embryo Macready and Siddonses?"

"An actor," was the reply, "requires two qualities. He must be something of a poet and a good deal of an artist. *Poeta nascitur, non fit.* An actor is not a poet in our modern sense, but he is a poet in so far as he must 'do' something. The impulse to do is his poet side. The knowledge of what to do and how to do it is his artistic side. You can, therefore, judge for yourself how difficult the question is. It is a strange thing, but the men and women who have attained success—great success on the stage—have found their way to it in all sorts of ways and under all manner of difficulties. One thing is certain, there is no royal road to success in this branch of work more than in any other."

"No doubt you have a great many applicants for stage employment—I mean fresh aspirants?"

"A very large number; but few can begin with us. We always prefer people who know something of their business, as the labor of teaching the rudiments of our art does not, and ought not, to belong to the production of a play. The best recommendation any one can have in applying at the Lyceum is that he, or she, has already done well in some similar branch of work. We have not, and never had, and, I hope, never will have, here what are known as amateurs. Of course, I do not mean that amateurs cannot be actors. They can be, and very often are. I have much regard for amateurs. We were all amateurs once."

"But what is the amateur, Mr. Irving, and what is the actor?"

"A man only ceases to be an amateur when his work ceases to be the accident and becomes the serious purpose of his life."

"And supposing now, a youngster of either sex, has—not genius, but common sense, pleasing personality, memory, voice, a fair education, and moderate histrionic power, what would be your advice to him as a candidate for the stage?"

"Act on every possible occasion. He or she will thus get a certain amount of experience and readiness which are necessary conditions to appearing before the public. There is a wide difference between the measure of criticism, either in the matter of praise or blame, accorded to amateurs and to those who challenge opinion on the real stage. The amateur finds it out when he sets to work in earnest."

"What I meant to ask you was whether, supposing a person is fairly qualified for the stage, you would recommend him to adopt it as a profession. Do you think it a desirable career—not, of course, for the Irvings and Terrys, but for the rank and file of the profession?"

Mr. Irving smiled. "I am afraid I must leave the expression of opinion to others. For myself, I went to the stage because I loved it, and although at times fortune was behind a cloud—and a good thick cloud, too—I have nothing to wish undone. For me it has been a very desirable calling."

"For the rank and file of the literary profession it has been said, I think pretty fairly, that from £300 to £400 is about the average yearly income. What would you take to be the theatrical average?"

"I can only guess. Theatrical life runs the whole gamut, from the fractions of starvation right away up to wealth. It is said that there are some 20,000 actors in England. I dare say that quite half of them would be glad of an assured £200 a year."

"I mustn't venture, nor, indeed, have I any wish, to pry into your personal habits in private life, Mr. Irving; but as some criterion of a leading actor's life, perhaps you wouldn't mind just roughly indicating the ordinary disposal of your time?"

"I suppose kept something like the diary which Mark Twain kept in his youth, and which showed a monotonous registry of events—'Got up, washed, and went to bed—got up, washed, and went to bed.' Perhaps, however, I ought to throw in just a little word now and then, such as playing a leading part here every night, and producing a new play in the meantime."

"No doubt you get plagued a good deal by incipient dramatic authors?"

Mr. Irving's white teeth glistened as he answered, "My dear sir, there is no such thing as 'an incipient dramatic author.'"

"How many plays are submitted to you in the course of a twelvemonth?"

"Ah, that I can hardly say, but of late I have not had so many as formerly. I think that nowadays a number of the new playwrights prefer to send them where there is a chance of their being produced."

"And is it true that managers generally decline to read plays submitted to them?"

"Again, I can only answer for myself. I am always glad to have plays sent to me—of course, such plays as are within the range of possibility. I cannot read them all myself in the first instance, but I have them all read by competent people, and when it is thought advisable I read a play myself. There are very few really good ones."

"A really good play is pretty sure to get attention then?"

"Certainly—when once attention has been arrested or called to it. I do not know a manager who would refuse a good play."

"And, so far as you have observed, in what do the generality of aspiring playwrights fail?"

"How does any one fail in anything until he knows something of his business? The majority who fail do so because their knowledge, experience, or powers are deficient."

"Could you give me, just in rough outline, the course of procedure from the reception of an author's copy to the final production on the stage?"

"Granted that the play is accepted it must wait its course. In management a great number of things have to be considered—the sequence of plays produced, the time of year, opportunity; the right actors and actresses must be obtained, and their parts allotted to them and studied. And then the labor of preparation and rehearsal begins."

"What is the most difficult part of a manager's work throughout the whole proceeding?"

"It is all difficult if he knows anything of his work."

"A paradox, Mr. Irving, reminding one of the gentleman who apologized for so long a letter by pleading that he hadn't time to make it shorter."

"Yes, paradoxical perhaps, but it is true. It is only those who do not know their work who can take any part of it lightly. A play should go on growing and improving with each day's study and with each rehearsal."

"Is it true that the cost of mounting a play has very much increased of late years?"

"Certainly. The cost of all stage matters is greater. Actors receive much bigger salaries than they did some years ago. Stage lighting is better, and consequently the public require a more complete *ensemble*. Art of all kinds is more widely understood; historical research and knowledge are greater than they ever were, and the more educated public require better art work. This seems impossible of comprehension by some, but it is nevertheless true and granted that the public like their eyes and their senses to be pleased, should one give them good work or bad—appropriate or inappropriate? Of course, we shall always be told that acting is dead—the sun of the drama set—that the stage is given up to scenery, and so on. This sort of thing has been going on since the days of Betterton. Scenery—all scenery, if a play should succeed. Acting—bad acting, if a play should fail."

"The number of theaters in London has increased of late years. Have you any observation to make on this point? Has the supply, in your opinion, kept up with the demand or not?"

"I believe the supply is much in excess of the demand. Theaters are excellent speculations for builders, but not always so for managers. I know many instances of late where vast sums of money have been lost in the management of theaters."

A young man now comes forward to speak to Mr. Irving; and interpreting this to be my "cue" for departing, I take my leave of the famous actor.—*Cassell's Saturday Journal.*

Art and Artists.

The Ontario Society of Artists held a meeting at 79 King street west, on Wednesday evening. Mr. T. Mower Martin presided in the absence of the president. It was decided to arrange for a series of lectures by the members and also by some prominent literary and scientific men. Steps will be taken to resuscitate the life class which the Society once held, but had allowed to lapse during the past few seasons. A building committee was appointed which comprises Messrs. J. W. L. Forster, Hamilton McCarthy, W. A. Sherwood, G. A. Reid, Wm. Reford, Gilbert Frith, R. F. Gagen, and M. Hannaford.

Their many friends will be glad to see Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Reid back to town once more after spending the past year in Europe.

Mr. J. W. L. Forster returned also a short time ago from his trip to Paris, Germany and Switzerland.

The Art Students' League have resumed their regular work this week with a good attendance of members. The present season promises to be a successful one for the league and as a number of ladies have applied for admission, it is probable that soon the life class will be largely increased by the fair sex. The league proposes holding an exhibition of summer sketches in November.

The new artist on *Punch* who signs E. T. R., is Mr. Edward T. Reed, son of Sir Edward Reed, M.P.

An American artist, named Williams, who had spent the summer in Germany, relates how he was one evening in Berlin drinking beer with some German brothers of the brush. The conversation wandered on to governments and constitutions, and Williams began to dwell upon the joys of the American methods of ruling, and particularly the system of changing the President every four years. "Why," he exclaimed, speaking in excellent German, "why don't you change your hot-headed Emperor for a mature man. A plebiscite of the people ought to get rid of him and——" and then a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder, and turning Williams found a policeman at his back, wearing a helmet and with his sword drawn. The American was told he was under arrest, and he was promptly marched off to the station. Two hours later, after sending for the American Consul and writing an apology to the Emperor, he was released, but he was impressively warned by the magistrate that speaking one's mind in public places is not permitted in the empire of Germany. The note of apology was covered with huge official seals, carefully endorsed and sent on to Prince Bismarck.

Orchids.

Strolling up Broadway the other morning, says a writer in New York *Truth*, gazing into shop windows in search of food for thought and consequent paragraphs, I saw what looked like a flight of yellow butterflies in a florist's window. Upwards, downwards, and sideways they spread apparently lit upon a shrub of vivid green. I wondered how such a mass of Papillionidæ had got caged in a Broadway store, but, giving them a glance of admiration, I strolled on. Presently I came to another florist's window, lo! there I was aware of monsters, gruesome things, with mouths, and claws, and tongues outstretched to catch their prey. I marveled much what these strange shapes might be, which likewise perched upon tortuous, cactus-like stems, or long, stringy filaments resembling snakes. In company with these weird creatures were clusters of little jars, each having a lid to it, some gaping wide, others tightly shut, and about their lower ends were wings and legs of flies, apparently cast forth after having been sucked dry, as the bones and hoofs of deer are strewed about the lair of a tiger or the eyrie of an eagle.

Here, also, were the yellow butterflies, perched in air, and floating above the monsters and the jars. What could these things be? They were not animals, for they seemingly were rooted to something. They could not be plants, for they had the wings, claws and mouths of reptiles. Curious to learn, I entered the store and asked what these queer conundrums might be. Compassionately smiling at my ignorance, the urbane possessor of these wonders replied:

"Orchids!"

"Orchids," said I, "and pray, sir, what may orchids be? Are they birds, toads, insects or vegetables?"

"Kind of betwixt and between," was the reply. "They grow like plants, but they eat like animals," and as he spoke I saw a fly alight on one of the jars. Immediately the lid opened and a viscous fluid was to be seen in its stomach or calyx, I do not know which is the fittest term. The fly descended into the cavity to sip the tempting sweets; instantly the lid closed.

"Good-bye, Mr. Fly," said the owner of the monster, "wait awhile and you will see his skeleton thrown out."

And sure enough after a brief delay the lid opened and out came the wings and bones. While I was recovering from my amazement, another fly approached one of the grinning things that hung above. He too ventured into the snare, attracted by a drop of liquid that hung on the fiend's tongue. The touch seemed to rouse the creature to action. The claws bent inward, the tongue receded, carrying the fly with it stuck fast in the fluid. Slowly the tentacles interlocked themselves and the victim disappeared.

"He's gone, too," said the florist.

"What are these demons kept for?" I asked.

"Ornaments," said he. "They are the most tony things out, and cost like the very deuce. The richest people keep them in their own conservatories and take a pride in them."

"Every one to his taste," I soliloquized, as I resumed my stroll a wondering but enlightened man.

She Was.

A man who was driving on the north end of Beaubien street the other day passed a man who was in his shirt sleeves, bareheaded and breathing fast after a hard run. Two squares farther down he met a woman with flushed face, bonnet on the back of her head and an axe-helve in her hand.

"I know whom you are after," he said, as she came up.

"Who?"

"The old man"

"You bet I am, but he's run me out of breath!" was her hearty response. "Did you see him?"

"Yes; he's only two blocks ahead."

"All right—keep quiet!"

And she took the middle of the road, spit on her hands, and braced up for a last effort.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Kentucky Narcotics.

"Do you ever want to sleep, Major, when you can't?" I asked of a very convivial friend.

"Of course, of course, sah."

"Well, what do you do?"

"What do I do? You blamed idiot, what would any man with a brain do? Why, when I want to sleep and feel so wide-awake that I could go out and read in the dark I go take a good long drink of my customary beverage, sah. You know what that is. Then, sah, if that fails, I go take another. If that does not kiss down my eyelids I go and take two. If Morpheus refuses to lock me in his arms I go and take three more, and by that time I don't care a continental darn whether I go to sleep or not."—*Toledo Blade.*

A Reflex Action.

"I did not intend to cast any reflections," he said, after making a dozen covert allusions to her most sacred idiosyncrasies.

"Oh, no," she responded sweetly. "You are not bright enough, you know. It requires a luminous body to cast reflections."—*Judge.*

Cause for Anxiety.

Old Mr. Folsom—I was over to Culberry's today, and they have received a letter from the college president telling 'em that Jim, who is in the college, has certainly got the divine afflatus, or suthin' like that.

Old Mrs. Folsom—You don't say! Is the family worried any?—*Judge.*

Foiled Again.

Officer (Society for Preventing Cruelty to Children)—I am hunting for a family who, I am told, are compelling a three-year-old child to learn the Russian language.

Resident (Slum Court)—I know 'em. They live in room 55.

Officer (wrathfully)—The brutes! What is their name?

Resident—Kuoskiwoskivitz. They are Russians.

Officer—Oh! Um—er—very fine weather we're having—*N. Y. Weekly.*

She Had Heard of Them.

"There is a famine in freight cars," remarked Mr. Snaggs, as he glanced over the headlines in the paper.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Snaggs, "I saw something about six tramps who got locked up in one and nearly starved to death."

A Bargain.

Tired Child—Mamma, how much did you put in the collection?

Mother—A quarter, my dear. Why?

Tired Child (gaping)—Well, this preacher gives an awful lot for the money.

Too Large a Contract.

Executioner—Shave?
Victim—No, young fellers. I vos vard mein face softened mit dot gream ohf roses.
Executioner—Say, Hamburg, this ain't no tannery.—*Judge.*

THE STORY OF AN ERROR

By the Author of "His Wedded Wife," "A Fatal Dower," "Barbara," "Ladybird's Penitence," "Bunchie," "A Foolish Marriage," etc.

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CHAPTER XIII.

The great iron-clamped hall door at Eyncourt was wide open, and Stanley, standing on the threshold, was drawing on her long gloves with a happy smile on her face. She looked as fresh and fair as the early September morning itself, and there was not the least trace of fatigue about her, although she had reached home only on the previous night from Cobermere and the journey had been a somewhat tedious one.

It was Sunday, a sunshiny morning with just a faint touch of freshness in the air to mark the near approach of autumn. The flower gardens were still aglow with beauty, and the late roses filled the air with fragrance, while through the trees came the sound of the church-bells ringing softly and sweetly, chiming the call to morning service.

There were a lovely wild-rose bloom on Stanley's face and a bright light in her sweet eyes as she smiled a radiant welcome at Hugh, who, in orthodox Sunday attire, came up to her. The young fellow's eyes were bright and eager as they rested upon her standing there, tall and slim and straight, in her soft gray cashmere gown, a little gray bonnet to match crowning her bronze-brown hair.

"My darling, how good it is to see you again!" he said almost passionately, as Stanley gave him her little hand. "I wonder if you have wanted me half as much as I have wanted you, Stanley?"

"It has been a very long week," she replied demurely. "I think I am a little glad to see you again, Hugh. But we had better start, had we not? The bell has been going for some minutes."

"But"—he looked down at her with a humorous assumption of surprise—"have you forgotten that I have not seen you since Tuesday morning? Do you suppose that I am going to content myself with a hand shake? Is that dutiful conduct on your part, mademoiselle?"

Stanley glanced back into the sunny depths of the great hall. It was quite empty, and there was no one to see her lover take her in his arms and kiss her with the long tender kiss of one who had longed ardently for the touch of her sweet lips and the sound of her voice. As he released her rather reluctantly, something unusual in his manner struck Stanley, and she seized his hand and looked up rather anxiously into his face.

"There is nothing the matter, Hugh?" she asked gently.

"My darling, what should be the matter now that you are here?" he returned, smiling. "I confess that life without you seems so unendurable that I don't think I shall ever willingly let you out of my sight again. This day is to be marked with a red cross in my almanac, Stanley," he added laughingly, as they went down the steps together and turned towards a sidepath which led through a shrubbery to the gray-stone church nestling among the trees in the park.

It was a pleasant morning for a walk, and their reunion made it even more pleasant to Stanley and her lover. The girl forgot the sense of uneasiness and uncertainty which had troubled her during his absence; and Hugh felt the depression which had weighed upon him melt like snow before the sun as Stanley's hand rested on his arm.

"And how did you leave all at Cobermere?" he asked gaily. "Had poor Melville recovered his spirits in any degree?" And how was Lady Beacham?"

The wild rose flush deepened slightly in Stanley's face. She did not quite like mention of those names together, although Carlos Melville's hopeless adoration of herself was harmless to them both, she knew; for the young artist was always worshipping at some shrine or other.

"I do not fancy Lady Beacham is very strong, she has had illing attack, I think."

"Has she?" he asked carelessly. "She is rather too excitable, I am afraid; and such people are generally liable to nervous attacks. She ought to take more care of herself."

"Do you think she is happy?" Stanley asked, in rather a low tone. "She is beautiful and rich; but—"

"I think she is a little incomprehensible at times," answered Hugh. "I used to admire her very much; but I find a change in her lately. Darling, tell me—was it not rather a sudden determination of Sir Humphrey's to go to London instead of returning home?"

"Yes—very sudden!" replied Stanley unhesitatingly. "He received a telegram yesterday, just before we left Cobermere, which seemed to annoy and disturb him a good deal. We traveled together as far as Dulham; then he sent me home with Benson and Carter, and went alone to town. I begged him to tell me if anything was wrong; but he said that there was nothing he could tell me then, that he would be home on Monday, and that I should know all then if there was anything to know that would interest me."

"And he seemed troubled, you say?" Hugh asked, looking down fondly at her.

"Yes—greatly troubled at first; but he seemed to shake it off after a little while. Do you know, Hugh," she added, her voice deepening as it often did when she was moved, "it almost seemed as if he feared some trouble for me? He was so tender with me, and he looked at me strangely once or twice with such love and sorrow in his eyes! Of course, any trouble to him must affect me; but, while he and you are well and with me, there can be no special sorrow for me."

Hugh pressed the little gray gloved hand closer to his side.

"Heaven keep all trouble from you, dear!" he said, earnestly. "I don't think there can be anything seriously wrong, Stanley, or Sir Humphrey would have written to me. I think he has learned to trust me a little."

"I think he looks upon you almost as if you were really his son," Stanley replied, brightly. "But you have not told me how Lady Sara is, and what she has to say to the infliction of my company all day long."

"My mother is anything but well, dear," the young man answered, a sorrowful shadow da kening his face. "I am rather unhappy about her. Both her health and spirits are so unequal and variable. I cannot understand her sadness and depression: for my father is wonderfully good and patient, and Nest is an angel."

"But it is very sad to be always suffering more or less as she does," rejoined Stanley gently, looking up at him with pitying sympathy in her brown eyes. "No wonder she is depressed!"

"But she does not suffer much," replied Hugh, except from languor and weakness. Of course they are bad enough; but, do you know, dear, I have sometimes thought that, if my father were less indulgent, it would be better for her. He and Nest seem to have guarded and cherished her so tenderly that they have utterly unfitted her for every-day life."

"Oh, but it is very pretty to see them with her!" Stanley demurred, smiling. "And she is so lovely and so grateful! Besides, if she does not suffer, she is very delicate and needs every care. She does not seem worse than usual, Hugh?"—seeing the shadow deepen upon the young man's face. "Is that what is troubling you, my dearest?"

"Partly that, my darling; but I have put away all trouble to-day; I mean to be perfectly and completely happy."

"That is right!" she returned joyously. "We have had some dull days; let us make up for them to-day, Hugh. But you are looking very grave and—yes—rather pale. You are no! ill, are you?"

"Ill? Oh, no; and, whatever I have been, I am happy now, my darling!"

They went into the little church side by side, and sat together in the square pew in which Stanley had sat since her childhood Sunday after Sunday. Many a glance of kindly interest followed them. Stanley was greatly loved at Eyncourt; and Hugh, though little known, was popular, and his firm athletic figure and handsome face attracted considerable admiration. The Brancepeth pew was empty—even Miss Cameron was not present.

The service was choral, the choir an excellent one, drilled to perfection by the organist, to whom Sir Humphrey paid a salary which rendered it worth a good musician's while to devote his time to it. Mr. Fletcher's sermon was a short sensible discourse which the most uncultivated of his hearers could not fail to understand, but which Stanley found a little uninteresting, and, glancing at Hugh in search of sympathy, she was startled to see an unusually grave expression on his face. The color left the girl's cheeks, and her heart beat quickly with a sudden sense of terror. What sorrow had he of which she, his promised wife, knew nothing? Was she so completely a stranger to his past that she did not know of some deep grief that it held? The terrible thought haunted her when the service was over and she was out in the sunshine once more, exchanging greetings with her friends and acquaintances, although she smiled slightly and answered them with her usual sweet grace. All the time she was asking herself what grief that could be which he had not confided to her, which perhaps he could not confide to her, since he had evaded her questions.

When they were once more walking together through the park, the girl turned her sweet questioning eyes to his face.

"Can you not tell me what is troubling you, Hugh?" she said softly. "You are not afraid to trust me, are you? And I can see that something is weighing upon you. May I not share it?"

"My darling," he answered tenderly, "do you think I could cloud your life with any trouble of my own? But indeed I have none."

"And yet"—Stanley hesitated for a moment before she went on—"you will tell me the truth, Hugh—and I will never reproach you for the telling. Has it not found out that I do not quite satisfy you? Is there any other woman whom you care or cared for more than you do for me?"

He looked down at her with an expression in his eyes which must have reassured her had she had a hundred reasons for believing him faithless.

"I have never loved as I love you, Stanley," he said gently and gravely, reading her fear in the sweet upraised eyes and answering her from his heart. "Has anything made you doubt me, dear?"

"Oh, no—oh, no!" she whispered. "But you have some trouble you will not share with me. I have no right to insist. I would not have you tell me anything about which you would rather keep silence; but yet"—with sudden passion—"if I could help you, it would make me so happy! Oh, my darling, we have had fair weather up till now; but, if the storm comes, I will not fail you!"

Hugh was very pale as he put his arms about her and pressed her to his heart as they stood in the silence and solitude of the woodland path; but he said nothing. He held her closely and tenderly for a few moments, his head bent over hers; then he released her, and they went their way in silence. After a time he began to speak in his usual manner about the sermon and the choir; but his hand, which had closed over Stanley's as it rested on his arm, retained its hold firmly and tenderly. The sunlight filtering through the full-leafed trees fell upon the girl's sweet face and her lover's handsome bronzed countenance, which had regained its serenity, while nearer and nearer came the storm which was to in one moment to lay waste the fair field of their happiness and destroy the sunshine of their lives.

CHAPTER XIV.

Mr. Cameron and his sister were on the terrace when Hugh and Stanley reached Brancepeth; and the two handsome faces, so alike in their expression of mingled pride, melancholy, and sweetness, brightened at sight of the young people coming towards them over the green sward. They looked so happy, so well suited to each other, that it was strange a dark shadow should disperse Philip Cameron's smile a moment later and impart a deep gloom to his face. The shadow rested there only for a second however; and, when Stanley put her hand into his and he kissed her forehead in kind fatherly fashion, he smiled his brightest, happiest smile. The girl slipped her hand within his arm, and, quite deserting Hugh, devoted herself with pretty eagerness to his father.

The deep tenderness of the long silent embrace in the wood had cast out every doubt from Stanley's heart, and she was now in the highest spirits. She charmed them all with her sweet laughter and merry speeches; she coquetted so prettily and so archly with Mr. Cameron that Hugh's heart throbbed more quickly at sight of her flirtation; and aunt Nest looked on smiling, and thought in the graceful little comedy only another proof of the girl's deep love for Hugh, felt her own heart grow lighter at the sight.

"Nothing would induce her to give him up!" Miss Cameron thought. "She is a faithful woman even if she is a proud one—and she loves him."

Luncheon was served in the oak-panelled dining room, with the sun streaming in at the open windows. The mistress of the house was not present—she was suffering, Hugh and Nest said regretfully, but she hoped to come down in the afternoon. Miss Cameron sat at the head of the table, and her brother at the foot; while Hugh and Stanley faced each other on either side.

It was a pleasant meal, the girl thought, brighter and gayer than luncheon at Eyncourt usually was. Afterwards coffee was brought out to them on the terrace; and Hugh smoked a cigarette, looking very handsome and happy as he leaned back in a great wicker chair watching the little pale blue wreaths of smoke rise and vanish upward in the clear air, and looking over at Stanley, who had a white lace kerchief tied about her throat and sat with her hands in her lap, the diamonds of her engagement ring glittering in the sun.

Years afterwards the remembrance of that Sunday came back many and many a time to Stanley Derant and Hugh Cameron, bringing with it a pang of keenest pain—years afterwards Hugh often seemed to feel again the soft upon his face as it came rus ling through the trees laden with a thousand sweet odors from the gardens and woods; he could always recall the scene and the group upon the terrace—his father, grave yet smiling, in his black velvet coat, listening to Stanley's merry sallies and laughing at her nonsense; the girl herself lovely and unusually animated, her bonnet, falling upon her uncovered head and tinting her bronze brown hair with gold; aunt Nest in a silk, yellowish dress, which set off her dark, vivid beauty to perfection. For years after he had only to shut his eyes in order to conjure up the scene; and he dared not think of it lest it should drive him wild with disappointment and despair.

Presently Miss Cameron went into the house to see how Lady Sara was, and her brother strolled away, leaving the two young people together; and then Stanley's wild spirits seemed to sober down a little—she became her own serene proud self, and she glanced half shyly at Hugh from under her long lashes.

"I am beginning to feel jealous of my father," Hugh remarked calmly. "The way you have flirted with him during the last half hour is enough to drive any one wild, and it has given a deep orange tint to all my thoughts! Are you not ashamed of yourself?"

"By no means! I am quite sure that, if I had met your father before I met you, and he had been eligible, you would not have had a chance," Stanley replied quickly; "and, now that he has gone, the charm of the terrace has vanished. What shall we do? There used to be a parrot in Victoria plume on the wall in the kitchen-garden! I wonder if they are ripe?"

"Shall we go and see?" said Hugh lazily, not stirring from his wicker-chair.

"Yes," she answered promptly; "I feel an irresistible desire for Victoria plums! What are you smiling at, Hugh?"

"Shall I tell you?" he asked musingly, stretching out his hand to her as she stood looking on the soft turf.

"If you please," replied Stanley, skilfully avoiding his outstretched hand, although not appearing to do so.

"I was thinking how easily you had charmed away my fit of the blues; and then some lines I once read came back to me."

"Poetry!" exclaimed Stanley laughingly.

"Yes—actually poetry! Shall I repeat the lines?—and then, without waiting for her answer, he quoted dreamily, his eyes upon her face:

"All in the waning light she stood,
The star of perfect womanhood.
That summer eve like morn was light:
With lighter foot he trod the ground
And life was fairer in sight,
And music was in every sound.
He blessed the world where there could be
So beautiful a thing as she."

"Is your quotation quite correct, Hugh?" queried Stanley, blushing deeply. "The light is not waning, and it is not summer—it is autumn!"

"Ah, but there is such a thing as poetical license!" said Hugh, as he rose from his chair and stood, tall, strong, and stalwart, beside her. "Shall we go and look for plums, Stanley, and eat them to an accompaniment of Browning?"

Stanley made a charming little *moue*.

"You must promise to read something that I can understand and consequently appreciate!" she cried gaily, as Hugh, called, changing her light tone, "I wonder if I might see Lady Sara now! It seems strange to have been so many hours without seeing her!"

"I will send to ask, dear," he replied, as he went towards the house; and Stanley watched him disappear with a very tender look in her eyes.

She had been thinking of the offer of the Baronetcy—about which nothing had been said to her at Brancepeth, and which of course she had not mentioned even to Hugh—and she thought of Robert Burns' words as she gazed after her lover—he looked like one "who had received his patent of nobility direct from God." Ay, and his father looked so also! She was proud that the one had chosen her for his wife—proud that the other had welcomed her gladly and had shown her that he would rejoice when she was his daughter.

"I only I can be worthy!" Stanley thought, with a humility that was strange to her. If only I can be worthy, how happy we shall be!

When Hugh came back with a volume of Browning's poems, her manner was so charming and began to wonder if even now he knew this girl whom he loved and who seemed so full of moods, each one being more delightful than the last. The girl's training had left her innocent of those affectations which so many charming women employ.

She was loyal and brave, frank and true, tender and impassioned. She had accepted Hugh's love with gratitude; she had not looked upon it as hers by right divine of her beauty, her youth, and her wealth. It was to her a Heaven sent blessing, a possession of inestimable value; but it had seemed all the more precious during the past week, which had been so full of unrest and uncertainty. The article of Lady Beacham's innuendoes had died out now; but it had left behind it a knowledge of how intensely she valued Hugh Cameron's love, and how dark and drear and uneadurable life would seem without it. She had never loved before—she had never fancied that she could love any other man but her father—and she had given her whole heart to Hugh; and, when at Cobermere that pale wraith of his supposed love for Lady Beacham had risen before her, she had not dared to fathom the depths of her own anguish.

She had told herself then that, if, in truth, there was anything between Hugh and the beautiful young widow, she would not come between them; but she had also reassured herself by remembering the young man's perfect devotion to herself, and had during the past few hours recovered the perfect trust which she had only partly lost.

They left the grounds and wandered into the kitchen garden where the red and golden and purple plums hung against the old red-brick walls which had stood for many a generation. It was a quiet restful old place, with pretty graveled alleys, well kept, but yet left sufficiently untouched to be charming.

The sun was shining upon the golden and purple fruit and glossy green leaves; but there was a pleasant freshness in the air as the lovers sauntered slowly up and down talking that blissful spell which makes the existence of men and women a delight and to be together all that is really necessary for perfect happiness. They did not even want Browning in that perfect solitude *a deux*.

They were too happy and contented to talk much; and, after a while, they went and sat down on an old seat in the shadow of the redbrick wall, and Hugh took the neglected poet from his coat-pocket, and, putting his hand over hers as they lay on her lap, he read in his deep rich tones—

"Counsel, I know not how it is with men,
Your women I am a woman, now like you—
There is no go d of life but love—but love!
What else looks good is seen made fine from love—
Love ,lids it, gives it worth. Be warned by me!
Never pretend to cheat yourself one instant. Love,
Give love; ask only love, and take the rest!"

Stanley drew a long breath as Hugh's voice sank to silence; she had grown very pale and her eyes were strangely dark with emotion. The words would have touched her at any time, but just now, in her tender, impassioned mood, they went almost too deep, and her lips were tremulous as she said, after a brief silence:

"That is indeed poetry!"

"And truth!" he queried, gently.

"Yes—and truth," she answered. Then she rose, and said, lightly, "I wonder if it is not nearly tea-time! I think we ought to go in; Lady will be down by this time."

"Are you tired of the orchard and of me?" he asked, smiling.

"I am not tired of the orchard," she replied demurely; "but I think it is time to go in."

Hugh looked at her in silence for a moment; then he rose with a sigh.

"I should not have compared the charms of afternoon-tea with those of Browning!" he said, with mock reproachfulness.

"Wouldn't you?" she answered, laughing. "But I am so material that the sight of a meal and the flow of soul do not suffice me! Besides, Hugh, I think it is time to go in."

Hugh obeyed. The shadow was fading as they rose and left the quaint old garden to silence and stillness again.

(To be Continued.)

Ancient Bridges in China.

The Chinese suspension bridges, dating from the time of the Han dynasty (202 B.C. to 220 A.D.), furnish striking evidence of the early a quaintance of the Chinese with engineering science. According to the historical and geographical writers of China, it was Shang Lieng, the commander of the army under Kuen Tsu, who undertook the construction of the roads in the province of Shense, to the west of the capital, the high mountains and deep gorges of which made communication difficult, and rendered it would be reached only by circuitous routes. At the head of an army of 10,000 workmen, Shang Lieng cut through mountains and built up the valleys with the soil obtained from the excavations. Where, however, this was not sufficient to raise a road high enough, he built bridges resting upon abutments or projections. At other places, where the mountains were separated by deep gorges, he carried out a plan of throwing suspension bridges, suspending from one slope to the other. These bridges, appropriately called by the Chinese writers "flying" bridges, are sometimes so high as to inspire those who cross them with fear. At the present day there is still a bridge in existence in Shense, 400 feet long, which stretches across a gorge of immense depth. Most of the bridges are only wide enough to allow of the passage of two mounted men, railings on both sides serving for the protection of travelers. It is not improbable that the missionaries who first reported on Chinese bridges two centuries ago, gave the initiation of the construction of suspension bridges in the West.

Training a Guest.

Owing to the sudden resignation of the only indoor man servant at the house of an Epsom bachelor, the Irish coachman was last week promoted for the evening to the rank of butler—several guests being expected to dinner. The host was pleased to find that an old dress suit just fitted Micky and Micky was delighted with the whole thing. A few minutes' technical instruction and the coachman declared that he grasped the "inside situation." One point impressed upon the servitor was that he was on no account to ask a diner if he would have a second helping of soup. The guests were on time, and all went well till Micky observed a gentleman push his plate from him after taking a few mouthfuls of soup. He immediately leant over and drew back the plate. The guest pushed it from him again. This displeased the coachman, it seemed to him a breach of decorum.

"Ate yer soup, sorr," he exclaimed in trumpet tones, "yez'll get no more."

Before and After

Wife (at midnight)—It is a shame for you to keep me up this way.

Hubby—Pshaw, my dear! You didn't mind it before we were married.—*Life.*

He Never Went to Lodge.

It was one of those wild nights you read of in nine novels out of every ten.

The cold spring rain splashed viciously against the pane, and the shutters rattled and banged as the fitful gusts of wind swept through the deserted streets.

It was lodge night, but Brother Fay concluded to stay at home for once, particularly as his mother-in-law was on her periodical inspection tour and spending a couple of days with him.

With a sigh he lolled back in the rocker, his feet in a chair and a newspaper spread open before him like a screen.

Presently he chuckled, and wife and mother looked up from their sewing inquiringly.

"Rther remarkable," he explained, looking over the top of the paper, and, with a suspicious twitch about the corners of his mouth, he read aloud:

"A model husband died recently at Cornish, N.H. He had been married forty-three years and never spent a night away from home."

"Well, I should say he was a model husband," broke in the old lady grimly. "Just think of it, home for once, particularly as this every evening spent at home. No lodge could coax him away from his family," she added significantly. "Poor man, he ought to have a monument a mile high," and she sighed deeply.

Brother Fay held the paper a little higher and continued:

"Never spent a night from home—he must have been paralyzed!"

Without the storm seemed to beat harder and louder (a hailstorm threatening as such times), while within silence reigned, save the rustle of pressed rustle of the paper and the swish of the thread through the pillowcase the old lady was working on.

Appalling Disclosures.

Overheard by an old lady in the conversation between two ruffians in a railway carriage.

First Artist—Children don't seem to me to sell now as they used.

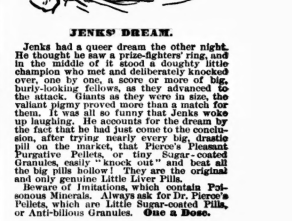
Second Artist (in a hoarse whisper)—Well, I was at Stodge's yesterday. He'd just knocked off three little girls' heads—regular raw things—a dealer came in, sir, bought 'em directly—took 'em away, wet as they were on the stretchers, and wanted Stodge to let him have some more next week.

A Dog that Prints a Paper

Printing presses are usually run in this country by steam power, by water power, electric motors, and by main strength and awkwardness; but the machine that grinds out the *Plain City Dealer* is run by dog power. A large wheel about ten feet in diameter and about two feet in width is connected with the drive wheel of the press by means of a belt. Cleats are placed about a foot apart on the inside of the wheel, where Joe, the journalistic dog, walks his weary round and thus causes the wheel to revolve. Joe has run the press for about five years, and has faithfully earned his hash every week. It is no easy duties for him to die and go where good dogs always go, and the proprietor of the *Dealer* is casting about for another canine. Part of Joe's shepherd and the rest is common, every-day dog.

Looked Like It.

"I really don't know for certain whether he's married or not," said Johnson, "but the other day I saw him wheeling a perambulator down the street with two squalling infants in it. And behind him were two females, and the younger of them was raying to him, the wretch! you've been like that twice this week—you know you have!" And then the other female pleasantly remarked, "Matilda, if you don't make him insure his life for another thousand before his liver's altogether gone you're no daughter of mine.' This looks like marriage anyhow. Don't it, old man?"



JENKS' DREAM.

Jenks had a queer dream the other night. He thought he saw a prize-fighters' ring, and in the middle of it stood a doughty little champion with his hands and fists guarded over, one by one, a score or more of big, burly-looking fellows, as they advanced to the attack. Giants as they were in size, the valiant pigmy proved more than a match for them. It was all so funny that Jenks woke up laughing. He accounts for the dream by the fact that he had just come to the conclusion, after trying nearly every big, drastic pill on the market, that Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, or tiny Sugar-coated Granules, easily "knock out" and beat all the big pills hollow! They are the original and only genuine Little Liver Pills.

Beware of imitations, which contain Poisonous Minerals. Always ask for Dr. Pierce's Pellets, which are Little Sugar-coated Pills, or Anti-bilious Granules. **One a Dose.**

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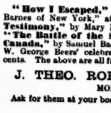

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Lord Elwyn's Daughter

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CHAPTER XXX.

Lucille Maitland had spent the most wretched and uncomfortable evening that it had ever been her lot to live through. When she had realized fully that the last special train was gone beyond recall, and that she would have to wait until midnight before she could get away from Uxerton, she had been at first like one distracted. She had wept tears of rage and mortifica ion, had wrung her hands and bemoaned her fate, and she had, moreover, reproached and upbraided Laurie in violent and unmeasured terms for bringing her into such a position.

Laurie had, with infinite wisdom and forbearance, refrained from the very obvious retorts which he might very properly have uttered. After the one word of reproach which he had addressed to her in the fly, he held his tongue, and simply set to work to make the best of a bad business.

The evening was raw and chilly, and the fire in the waiting-room had nearly gone out. Laurie proceeded to hunt up a porter, and induced him to rekindle the dying embers into a cheerful blaze. Then, having installed Miss Maitland in the most comfortable chair in the bare little room and wrapped his own great-coat carefully about her knees, he went away to forage for some food for her.

There was no refreshment-room in the little wayside station, and the nearest public house was half a mile off, and was of the most primitive description. After what seemed to her to be an absence of hours—although really it was little more than half an hour—he returned, accompanied by a rough man in the clothes of a laborer. Between them they brought a loaf and some butter, a jug of ale, and a dish of ham and eggs. But the latter had got stone-cold in the transit, and Lucille shuddered at the sight of the homely dish, and pushed it petulantly aside. She nibbled at a crust of dry bread, just tasted the butter and pronounced it to be rancid, and declared that she would rather perish with thirst than drink beer out of a village public-house.

Altogether Laurie had a very bad time of it; and, seeing what her temper was and how useless it was to seek to pacify her, he very wisely betook himself out of the waiting-room and walked up and down the platform with a pipe until the time for the midnight train to appear drew near.

So Lucille sat alone in her wretchedness. Yet, as she sat, a little hope came back to her. After all, Sir Adrian was in Scotland, and need never hear of her escapade. She would indeed be forced to confess the truth to her aunt, who would no doubt be sitting up for her in a state of cruel anxiety; but then she had great faith in her aunt's affection, and felt certain that she would be able to prevail upon her to keep the matter a secret.

Then Colonel Hepburn came back to her recollection, and she shivered a little. How was Colonel Hepburn to be persuaded to hold his peace? Perhaps Laurie might go to him and request him not to mention the fact of her having been at Uxerton Steeplechases; or, better still, she herself would send to him the next day to come and see her, and throw herself upon his generosity. A lovely woman was gifted with great powers of persuasion; and Lucille was convinced that no man not a stone would really be insensible to the claims of beauty in distress, as represented in her own most beautiful self. She would humble herself to the dust; she would shed a few tears; she would clasp his hands in hers; if necessary, she would kneel at his feet in a graceful attitude. The most hardened of male monsters could not surely be deaf to so fair a petitioner!

Thinking of all this, the time passed away slowly and a little comfort stole back into her soul; and, by the time the night train dragged its weary length into the little station, a marked improvement in her temper and her spirits had taken place.

Laurie, too, had been meditating profoundly during the solitary hours of his perambulations with his pipe; and, when they found themselves alone together in a first class carriage, he proceeded in a kind and serious fashion to give her the upshot of his meditations.

"Lucille, my dear," he said to her, taking her hand as she sat opposite to him, "I sadly fear that this day's foolish expedition of ours will lead to the breaking off of your engagement to Sir Adrian."

"For fear read 'hope!'" she answered, with a little scornful laugh. "Oh, don't flatter yourself, my dear Laurie! I am not going to throw up the game so easily! We must tell Lady Elwyn, and we must square Colonel Hepburn, if I can arrange matters successfully with those two people, nobody else need ever know, and my engagement will certainly not be broken off."

"I hope you may be right, as you wish it so," he replied, with a sigh; "but it is as well, is it not, to face the other alternative? In the event of—of things turning out differently, I want you to understand how ready I shall be to marry you."

She shrugged her shoulders impatiently; but he continued his speech regardless of her irritation.

"You have not behaved well to me, Lucille; you have played fast and loose with me, have led me a miserable life at times. But I have always made every excuse for you, knowing how the worldly and ambitious part of your nature has been set upon this marriage. I know well however that your best self is mine, and that, in spite of everything, you love me. Is it not so?"

"I am very fond of you, Laurie," she admitted, softened a little by his tenderness and generosity."

"Very well then; promise—promise to marry me if Deverell and you fail out! Surely it is a very humble request! We have done very wrong, you and I. I perhaps am most to blame because I have tempted you to deceive Sir Adrian; but, at any rate, I love you—I worship you, in fact; and I feel sure that though you would be a richer woman with him, you would be a happier woman with me."

She reflected a little before she answered. Such a promise did not commit her to much, because she never intended that things should come to such a pass that she would be forced to keep it. Any humiliation, any subterfuge, any untruth, sooner than lose Deverell Hall and the Deverell diamonds!

But now Laurie! Well, he was fond of her sincerely, and she liked him better than she liked anybody else. Adrian had been very "nasty" about him; and, if she hated anybody, she hated Adrian. Laurie was ready to aid her in interfering with her in that particular! And how she would punish him for it by and-by! Well—yes, she was fond of Laurie, and she might as well keep him quiet and happy by making him a promise which it was a hundred to one if she would ever be called upon to fulfil.

He watched her anxiously and earnestly, with a pain at his heart of which she was certainly unworthy. For Laurie was like a faithful dog in his love; not all Lucille's lack of principle and truth, not all her caprices and her violent temper, nor yet her heartlessness and her imperious treatment of himself, could alter his opinion that she was the one woman on earth whom he adored; neither could he for one moment become insensible to her splendid and queen-like beauty. His nature was not sufficiently refined and pure to recoil, as did Adrian, from the unlovely soul which lay beneath so fair an exterior. Laurie was dazzled by her loveliness, and utterly blind to those blacker things which to a more discerning and high-principled man were as clear as daylight. After what seemed to him a very long time, she answered him.

"Very well, Laurie; I don't mind promising to marry you if Adrian finds it all out; for I believe he would not forgive me if he did; and, although I do not for a moment anticipate such a catastrophe, yet, if the worst does happen, I may, owing to this unlucky missing of our train, be about the only thing left for me to do to marry you."

After that, being utterly worn out both in mind and body, and exceedingly hungry and cold in addition, Miss Maitland settled herself comfortably in the farther corner of the carriage and fell into an uneasy slumber until the lights of London awoke her into sudden consciousness of misery.

As the train glided slowly into the Euston Station, a few sleepy passengers could see that the platform was empty and deserted; only a porter or two lounged forward aimlessly, whilst a very limited number of cabs in the background awaited in a sort of dejected resignation the uncertain chance of a possible fare at such an hour of the morning.

At the first glance this seemed to be all. Then suddenly out of the misty gloom of the great empty station two figures stepped forth all at once into the light—two men who had been standing, silent, erect, and expectant, side by side. Laurence Doyle, standing up to let down the window, caught sight of the nearest face as the white glare of the electric light fell upon it.

"Good heavens, there is Hepburn!" he cried.

"What!" cried Lucille; and she made one wild spring to his side.

The porter flung open the door, and both together saw at the same moment, not only Col. Hepburn, but Sir Adrian Deverell, who was standing pale and immovable by his side. In another second the four stood face to face upon the platform.

There was a moment of terrible silence. Lucille shrank back as if she feared that Adrian would strike her; Laurie, smitten with a guilty shame, seemed incapable of raising his eyes. Then, in clear, cold, incisive tones, Sir Adrian broke the silence.

"Am I to understand from what I see, Mr. Doyle, that you have been kind enough to be Miss Maitland's sole escort to Uxerton Steeplechases to-day?"

Laurie burst forth into incoherent excuses; his sense of honor was small, but it was enough to make him anxious to screen the woman he loved.

"It has been dreadfully unfortunate! We missed the special train; we ought to have been back hours ago. It was entirely my fault, Sir Adrian! Miss Maitland is in no way to blame. I assure you that I am deeply distressed!"

Deverell cut him short with a wave of the hand.

"Enough, Mr. Doyle! I have asked you only one question, to which I demand an answer. Did you or did you not take Miss Maitland alone to Uxerton to-day?"

The wretched Laurie framed an inarticulate "Yes." Lucille sprang forward and caught at Adrian's arm.

"Adrian dear, do hear me—do not be so angry! I can explain all, if you will only listen!"

"Whilst you invent a tissue of falsehoods, Miss Maitland! No, thank you—I would rather not hear them."

"But, Adrian, you must hear me!" she cried despairingly. "Colonel Hepburn, stand my friend, I entreat you! Make him listen to me and forgive me!"

Deverell turned upon her a face so stern and hard and angry that she quailed and recoiled from before it.

"You know," he said, "that after what you swore to me, after the oath which you have broken, I will never forgive you!"

Lucille covered her face with her hands and burst into tears.

"As you, Mr. Laurence Doyle," continued Sir Adrian, with bitter scorn, "since you have undertaken the charge of this lady during a whole day and the greater portion of the night, I will leave in your hands. I think that you are the proper person to take her back to Lady Elwyn's house, and to offer to that lady such explanations of your conduct as may seem fit to you. And, as I shall never willingly look upon her fair false face again, and entirely decline the honor of an alliance with her, I will add one suggestion—that there is only one possible reparation you can make to her for this compromising affair, and that is an offer of marriage."

"I shall certainly endeavor to persuade Miss Maitland to become my wife!" cried Laurie, speaking as bravely as he knew how and taking one of Lucille's cold hands under his arm.

"I have the honor then to wish you good night—or rather good morning!" answered Sir Adrian coldly and disdainfully; and, raising their hats gravely, the two men turned on their heels and walked away.

"Lucile, my darling," said Laurie, when he had put the girl, who was shedding bitter tears of rage and mortification, into a cab and got in beside her himself, "I swear I will make you a good husband, and try to atone to you for the trouble I have brought upon you; for you must marry me after what that man said just now!"

"Laurie, you are very good to me—far better than I deserve!" she answered through her tears. "But, oh, what an unlucky day it has been to me!"

"Not to me," he whispered tenderly, "since I have won you at last, and you must marry me now."

"Yes, I suppose I must. That wretched Hepburn would have the story all over the town if I did not; and, as Adrian said, you have certainly compromised me dreadfully; so I suppose there is nothing else left to me to do!"

And with this characteristic and ungracious surrender Laurie was forced to be content. He felt quite happy and gay; whilst Miss Maitland wept bitterly all the way back to Green street, chiefly over the loss of the Deverell diamonds.

Kathleen was feeding her birds. The morning sunshine streamed in through the dining-room windows upon her small bent head, touching the silky brown tresses here and there with a glint of burnished gold. The Java sparrows and little green love-birds in the big cage fluttered their wings at the approach of her gentle finger and twittered their friendly acknowledgments of her attentions.

The simple occupation was pleasant and interested her. She loved her feathered pets, and they began to know her well and to answer to her call. When she put her hand into the cage, one little impudent bull-finch came and perched upon her finger, whilst a sober-tinted linnet thrust himself confidingly amongst the snowy frills at her wrists. Again she felt her little terrier nestled against her skirts; and presently a fluffy kitten jumped from a neighboring chair right up on to her shoulder. All living creatures loved Kathleen, and were at home with her, and she made a charming picture standing thus in the morning sun surrounded by her pets.

The tea-urn hissed on the table behind her, and the neat parlor-maid had just brought in the toast and eggs. Kathleen was feeling a little disappointed because the morning post had brought her no letter from Sir Adrian Deverell. It was now two days since he had come in at dinner-time to seek his mistress Lucille, and he had promised to let her know if he found her, and as yet he had not written to her.

I suppose he found her at home all right when he went back, and there was some misapprehension about her having come here; and then, as all ended well, he forgot to let me know," she thought, with a little sigh to herself.

At that moment Mary Hale entered the room, carrying an open letter in her hand, and her face bore such evident traces of perturbation that Kathleen at once exclaimed—

"Why, Mary, what is the matter? I trust you have not had bad news! Or is it good news, Mary—for you don't look altogether unhappy now! I come to look close at you!"

"Oh, Kathleen—this letter! I really do not know what to say! Pray read it!"

Kathleen took it from her hand. It was from Doctor Hale, and was a proposal of marriage.

"Well, my dear, I don't see anything wonderful in this," she said, kissing her. "I have been expecting it for some days. Let me congratulate you heartily!"

"Oh, Kathleen, I cannot leave you! I will not marry him! It would be ungrateful of me when you have been so good to me!"

"My dear Mary, do you suppose I am so selfish as to wish to keep you from your happiness? No, no, dear! You love the Doctor dearly, I know; and I believe he is worthy of you, and I am truly rejoiced that he has asked you to be his wife."

"But you, Kathleen—what will you do when I go away?"

Kathleen laughed merrily. No one knew better than herself how terribly she would feel the loss of Mary, and how lonely her life would be without her; but she was far too unselfish to let her friend perceive this.

"I shall get on capitally, no doubt, my dear!" she cried; and then they sat down to breakfast. All through the meal she talked gaily to Mary about her prospects; and, although her heart sank very sadly within her, she threw herself with positive enthusiasm into her friend's little love-story and its happy ending. After breakfast, Mary, with bright eyes and a fast-beating heart, went away to answer her lover's letter.

Then Kathleen was left alone to her thoughts. Mary, whom she had learnt to love and trust, was to be taken from her. What was she to do with her solitary life, or whither was she to turn to find another friend who could fill her place?

Kathleen felt that to replace such a woman as Mary Hale would be indeed impossible.

Some idea of entering a sister hood and devoting herself to good works, or of becoming a hospital-nurse and tending the sick, came into her head as she sat in her deserted drawing-room alone by the fire whilst Mary was up-stairs writing her love-letter. With all her money, she might surely do some good in this world—found a school for orphan-girls, or build a church, or reclaim and educate homeless street-waifs.

"Sir Adrian Deverell!" said the little maid, flinging open the door in the very midst of her meditation

She sprang to her feet; at the unexpected announcement a vivid flush covered her sweet face with a momentary confusion, fading again, as suddenly as it had arisen, into her habitual delicate pallor.

Adrian came in quickly with a brisk and buoyant step, as one who had a heart full of good news. He threw a rapid glance around the room, as though to be sure that she was alone; then, in a couple of strides, he was by her side and had taken both her hands in him.

There was something strange and unusual in his aspect, a brilliancy in his eyes, a smile upon his lips, an absolute radiance which illumined his whole face, which filled her with astonishment and an unknown excitement even while it made her tremble.

Not a word did he speak in answer to her troubled and questioning looks; but when he was close to her, he took her slender figure suddenly between his outstretched arms, and gathered her closely to his heart, murmuring over and over again the sweetest of all the love words that were ever coined in the English language:

"My darling—my darling!"

Bewildered and half frightened, she struggled a little to free herself from his encircling arms; but he would not let her go.

"My darling," he said once more, "let me hold you to my heart—let me look into your sweet face! Give me the right for ever to hold you fast, and to shelter you from the storms of life! For I am free, my love—free to love you—free to win you—free to ask you to be my own dear wife for ever! Look up, my love, and let me see your dear eyes! Do you understand, Kathleen, that I am free—free from the engagement to Lucille Maitland is at an end—that I have broken from those hated bonds for ever, and that I am half wild with happiness and with joy! Kathleen, raise your eyes to mine and tell me that you will be my wife!"

And then, with a great glow of a strange and as yet unacknowledged joy in her heart and in her radiant face, Kathleen raised her glad shy eyes to his and murmured back, with a little sigh of supreme content:

"I am yours for ever, Adrian, my own, my only love—through life unto death!"

THE END.

The Romance of Monaco.

It is difficult to conceive a more thoroughly contemptible personage than the new Sovereign of Monaco, who notwithstanding his affectation of religion and science, is shouldered at every one of the Royal and Imperial Courts of Europe on account of his depraved and despicable character. Of the crowning indignity which he inflicted upon his beautiful wife, Lady Mary Hamilton, and which led to her final flight from beneath his roof, it is impossible to speak. It will be sufficient to state that both the Prince of Wales and the King of the Belgians who are acquainted with the true facts of the case—and there are them can certainly be accused of any inordinate prudery—absolutely decline all social intercourse whatsoever with His High Highness of Monaco. There is one insult, however, of which the Prince was guilty towards his wife, which, although known to but few, was the origin of the bond of sympathy between the Princess and the Count Tassilo Festetics de Tolna, her present husband.

The Prince one beautiful moonlight evening was entertaining a number of gentlemen friends at supper in the old castle at Monte Carlo. The fun grew fast and furious. Suddenly the Prince exclaimed:

"Gentlemen, I invite you to witness a spectacle such as you have never witnessed before. The Princess, my wife, is accustomed to take daily towards one or two o'clock in the morning, when all the remainder of the world is asleep, and to spend almost an hour swimming about in the sea at the foot of the palace steps. Come, let us look on, and then surprise her with an ovation. Come, gentlemen, I say, it is a sight for the gods!"

One alone of the guests present had the courage and chivalry to raise his voice against the outrage, and to denounce the Prince to his face. It was Count Tassilo Festetics, one of the proudest and wealthiest nobles of Hungary. By some means or other, the Count Mary, who is the only sister of the Duke of Hamilton, became acquainted with her husband's project and with the Count's opposition thereto. She never forgave the one nor forgot the other. The conduct of the Prince merely served to increase the intense abhorrence with which she regarded him, while the chivalrous behavior of Tassilo Festetics stirred the very depths of her heart. She had at the time no one to whom she could turn for sympathy and advice. It was her own mother, the late Duchess of Hamilton, *nee* Princess of Baden, who, in conjunction with Napoleon III., had forced her into the hateful alliance with the hereditary Prince of Monaco.

A strong friendship soon sprang up between the Princess and the Count, and when at length in 1860, that is ten years later, the Vatican finally consented to annul the marriage, though maintaining the legitimacy of the boy who constituted the sole issue thereof, the ex-Princess of Monaco became Countess Festetics of Tolna, the wife of one of the most brilliant sportsmen and most popular grand seigneurs of all Europe. Although almost twenty years have passed since the day when Lady Mary fled from the Chateau of Monaco and took refuge with Queen Henrietta of Belgium at Brussels; she is still one of the most voluptuous and thoroughly captivating of women And she is beloved and admired by all that have the privilege of knowing her.

No Offense.

Big Dark—Niggah, you's 'r fool!
Little Dark—Do yo' call me 'r fool?
Big Dark—Dat's what 'r sed!
Little Dark—Yo' do!
Big Dark—Ise call ony niggah 'r fool what acks like yo' do.
Little Dark—Huh! Den yo' call ony niggah 'r fool? Den I can't considah dat pussenel. Good day.—*Life.*

The Eyes of Great Men.

An oculist who has made the human eye a study for thirty years, and who has examined many famous men's eyes, declared the other day that the "thoroughbred American" eye was steel blue in color.

"Would you say that black-eyed and brown-eyed men are deficient in intellect."

"Not that, to be sure, since history has afforded some examples of able men whose eyes possessed the pigment. But, undeniably, among people of higher civilization, eyes grow lighter in hue, and there are to day far more blue-eyed persons than there were a century ago. If you will be at pains to inquire the color of the Bismarck, Gladstone, Huxley, Virchow, Buchner, Renan—in fact any of the living great, as well as the great army of the dead who in life have distinguished themselves, you will find that most of them have or had eyes of blue or gray."—*Philadelphia Press.*

A Boston Lady Shocked.

Miss Bunker Hill—Oliver Wendell Holmes is eighty years old. Which of his works do you prefer?

Col. Western—Well, Holmes' Sweet Home's about as good as any of 'em.—*Texas Siftings.*

Refined Taste.

Mr. Rumnose—What (hic) ish hardest part of (hic) tendin' bar?

Barkeeper—Listening to drunken men talk.

Mr. Rumnose—Gesh thatsh sho. I can't bear (hic) drunken men. Thash why I come over (hic) and talk t'you.

What He Was.

Masked Man (dashing into a parlor-car on Western railroad)—Hold up yer hands.

Passenger—Don't shoot, please. Take all I've got and welcome.

Masked Man—This is a big pile o' money, so I'll give ye ten dollars of it back. I may be a train robber, but I ain't no parlor-car porter.

The Lone Fisherman.

Two men, in the dining-room of a hotel, were watching a hungry fellow who sat near them.

"Waiter," said the hungry fellow, "bring me some fried perch."

After he had eaten the perch he ordered a broiled bass, and, after devouring it, said:

"Now just bring me along any other fish that you happen to have handy."

"That fellow is extremely fond of fish," said one of the men.

"Not so much that he is fond of them as the fact that he hasn't had any for a long time.

"He could get them, I am sure. The markets are full of them."

"Yes, but you see he has been beyond the reach of the markets; he has just returned from a fishing expedition."

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Troubles are caused by improper diet, hasty eating and drinking, late suppers, the excessive use of stimulants, and a scrofulous condition of the blood. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the most efficacious remedy for all such disorders. **I am convinced that the worst cases of Dyspepsia

Can be cured by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I suffered greatly from this complaint for years, and never took any medicine that did me any good until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I took four bottles of this preparation last spring, and my appetite, health, and strength were completely restored.—Richard M. Borton, Danbury, Conn.

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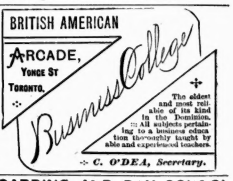

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Mamma (with a glance at Herr B.'s linen)—No, dear; he is afraid of soiling his violin.

Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

speech of the evening was made by Mr. Wilson in proposing Sir John A. Macdonald as honorary president. After being seconded by Mr. McPherson, the nomination was unanimously approved, amid enthusiastic cheering. Then came the tug-of-war. After the various candidates had been nominated, the balloting began, and continued for over an hour, the interval being filled up with songs and speeches. When the result was at last announced it was found, amid great excitement, that Mr. W. D. McPherson had been elected president by a majority of fifty votes, and other officers, as follows: first vice-president, Mr. J. A. Ferguson; second vice-president, Mr. P. H. Bartlett; third vice-president, Mr. J. H. McGhie; corresponding secretary, Mr. W. H. Harlton; financial secretary, Mr. A. G. McLean; recording secretary, Mr. W. J. Newell. After speeches from the unsuccessful candidates, all touched in the most good-natured terms, the meeting adjourned at a late hour.

The elections of the Young Liberals' Club were held the same evening and were as keenly contested as those of the Young Conservatives. They resulted as follows: President, Mr. R. U. McPherson; vice-president, Mr. M. G. Cameron. The other officers were elected by acclamation.

A concert in aid of the mission in connection with St. Thomas' Church will be held at the Foresters' Hall, 189 Brunswick avenue, on Monday evening, October 21 at 8 p.m. Miss Morgan, Miss Gilmour, the Misses Lockhart, Miss Violet Smith, the Misses Evans, Miss Wadsworth, Mrs. Sydere, Mr. Bromley Davenport, Mr. Carter Troop, and others have kindly promised to take part.

Out of Town

LACHUTE.

On Tuesday afternoon in St. Simeon's Church was solemnized the marriage of Miss Hattie R. Ireland, of this town, and Rev. Wm. Harris of Grenville. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Wm. Sanders. The bridesmaid was Miss Jennie Chatters of Montreal, while Mr. J. E. Ireland, brother of the bride, supported the groom. After the ceremony an At Home was held at Millway Lodge, the residence of ex Mayor Fish, grandfather of the bride, where a most enjoyable time was spent. The happy couple left by the evening train for their future home, amid showers of rice and good wishes. The bride was a great church worker here and her loss will be much felt.

BELLEVILLE.

Hon. A. Ross, Provincial Treasurer, and Mr. Christie were in town on Thursday, October 10.

Major Villiers Sankey, Q. O. R., Toronto, was here last week for a short visit.

Mrs. Edward Potts is the guest of Mrs. E. Davy, Chicago.

Mrs. W. Northrup gave an At Home at her residence last Saturday for her guest, Miss Ling, missionary to the Zenanas.

Mrs. and Miss Starling are visiting at Mrs. Reeves', Chicago.

Mrs. T. Lazier and Miss Ida Starling are visiting Miss Price at Goderich.

Mrs. Burdette and Miss Maude Burdette are visiting friends in Chicago, from thence they will proceed to St. Paul, Minn.

Miss Wordie of Perth is the guest of Mrs. Laurence Henderson.

Mr. H. G. Walker, general manager of the Bank of Commerce, was in town lately.

Dr. A. Elliott is taking the practice of Dr. Davidson of Brantford, during that gentleman's absence in New York.

Mrs. A. White of Commercial street has returned from Montreal.

He Met a Man With a Load of Corn

I started out from the hotel at Paterson to drive across the country to a small town in company with a parlor organ agent. He had been drinking pretty freely, and as soon as clear of the town he observed:

"You never saw me fight of course, but I will soon give you an exhibition of what I can do. I feel in the mood this morning, and I'm going to lick the first man I can pick a fuss with."

"I wouldn't get into any trouble," I suggested.

"Oh, there won't be any trouble about it. I'll bring it around so as to save the other man begin it, and then I'll polish him off and drive on."

About two miles out we met a young farmer driving into town with a wagon box full of corn. He gave more than half the road, but the organ man pulled up, gave me a nudge, and exclaimed:

"Young man, do you want to run over us?"

"No, sir."

"You act as if you did. It is evident that you think yourself very smart, but you'll meet a man some day who'll teach you a lesson."

"How?"

"By giving you a licking."

"Perhaps you want to try it?"

"What! Don't you talk that way to me!" shouted the agent, as he nudged me to signify that the heaven was working.

"If you do, just come down here!" continued the young man as he climbed over the wheel.

"I think I will!" replied the agent. "I'm a peaceful man, and I don't believe in force, but in this case I regard it as my duty to teach you a great moral lesson."

He handed me the lines, jumped down and squared off, and I don't believe it was two minutes before he lay in the May weeds in the ditch, licked to insensibility. The young fellow knocked him out with the very first blow, and then sat down and hammered him blind. When he let up he nodded to me, climbed upon the corn, and as far as I could see him he never looked back. I worked over the agent a quarter of an hour to revive him, and another quarter to get him into the buggy, and it was only as I drove on that he rallied enough to dreamily inquire:

"Will you please tell me whether I am selling lightning rods or wind mills, and also what my name is?"

How Wrinkles Come.

With the other ills that escaped from Pandora's box were disincarcerated a legion of vindictive little demons whose sole purpose is to destroy with disfiguring lines and creases the beauty of all womankind. No sooner does a pretty woman sit down to ponder and knit her brows over the problem of how to make her month's allowance of $50 pay for a $35 bonnet and a $75 cloak and have anything left for car fare, than in troop a detachment of these infinitesimal imps as busy and relentless as the Lilliputians who bound the great Gulliver in his slumber, to cut and carve in inexplicable lines every perplexed pucker and frown. If her dearest friend walk in just at the juncture in all the freshness of her new fall suit, and the troubled little woman greet her with a smile that is intended to conceal her annoyance, the kind of an all round smile that trips up to the eyebrows and dimples the cheek while it clears the brow, the demons, put to flight for an instant, rush back and back and he or she tell tale hieroglyphics at the corners of her eyes which betray to friend and foe alike the one secret a woman never tells—her own age. If the pretty mouth droops at the corners after the friend goes, as she reflects that perhaps it would have been better to have married stupid old Moneybags after all than to have to depend for her winter outfit on a stump of a lead pencil and the whim of an editor, back come the demons, scurrying and whizzing, like the witches after Tam O'Shanter's mare, to mark that dolorous curve so indelibly that she can never smile it quite away again. Why, she isn't even allowed the luxury of lying awake at night to cry over the hollowness of living and the distastefulness of the brand of bran with which her own particular doll is stuffed without a reconnoitring squad of those malicious little spirits begin to write on her cheek, in characters which all may enumerate, the record that she has so carefully torn out of the old family Bible. And the very frown with which she views and would dispel the work of the wrinkle witches is in turn graven so deeply that nothing conciliating or ameliorating can be done with it. You can't coax it out of sight on occasions, or dress it up in pretty disguises of gauze and gorgeousness. It still remains a hopeless, aggressive croaking reminder of the flight of time, immortalized by no poet's dreaming, idealized by no painter's fancy.

How the Golden Opportunity Came.

There was a grocery just across from the depot, and on a bench under the window were seven large watermelons. A short, cadaverous-looking colored man sat on a baggage truck looking across at the grocery. After a bit one of our crowd sauntered up to him and carelessly observed:

"Some fine melons over there."

"Deed dey is, boss," was the reply.

"Do colored folks ever eat watermelons?"

"Does dey? Does dey eat watermellyons! I should reckon to consider dat dey did!"

"Is that so? How many colored men about your size would it take to get away with one large melon?"

"How many? Say, boss, 'pears to me you doan' lib in dis kentry."

"No; I'm just over from England."

"Dat accounts. Yer doan' know us. How many would it take? You'd better ax how many mellyons would be wanted fur one cull'd pusson named Josephus Pardon."

"You don't mean you could eat a whole one?"

"Doan' I. If I can't eat de hull seben, I'll go off to de swamp an' die!"

We chipped in to buy up the lot and give the man the golden opportunity of his life. The melons were brought over and laid in a row, and Josephus removed his hat and coat and let out his leather belt three notches, and sat down with his back braced against a box.

It tip! went the knife as he got the word, and the storm had burst. He cut the melon into four pieces, dropped the knife, and in just two minutes by the watch, nothing was left but a heap of rinds and a handful of seed. A second was rolled over to him, and he gained five seconds on his other time. On the third he lost ten seconds, and on the fourth nearly a minute. He cut the fifth, ate a quarter of it, and then stood up to inquire:

"Was it spected dat I was to eat de hull seben right down?"

"Oh, no. The idea was to see how many you could eat at once."

"Wall, ize a leetle disappointed in myself. I did believe I could get away wid de lot in 'bout half an hour, but ize sorter filled up on fo'. Reckon I hain't fe-lin' overly well, an' dat de dozen turnips I ate dis mawnin' hev sorter held me off. If you would be so kind as to give me 'bout five minutes to finish de rest of dis, an den let me take the odder two down dar' in the bush by myself, I'm believin' dar' won't be nuthin' left by sun high."

He soon finished the fifth, and then took a melon under each arm and made for a thicket down the track. Twenty minutes after he left the train came along, and as we rode past the thicket Josephus rose up with a solitary melon in his hands, bowed his thanks, and shouted:

"Iz gwind ter do it, white man! It's de only one left, an' I'll git away wid him befo' you dun got down to Petersburg!"—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Well-Bred Girl.

Do you know many well-bred girls? Oh, they can always be told.

A well-bred girl thanks the man who gives her a seat in a street car, and does it in a quiet and not in an effusive way.

She doesn't turn round to look after gamblers or pushing actors on the street, and she doesn't think that her good looks are causing the men to stare at her.

She doesn't wear all her jewelry in the daytime, and she understands that diamond rings, earrings, and bracelets were intended for the evening alone.

She doesn't go to supper after the theater is over alone with a man.

She does not declare that she never rides in street cars.

She does not accept a valuable present from any man unless she expects to marry him.

She doesn't talk loud in public places.

She doesn't shove or push to get the best seat, and she doesn't wonder why in the world people carry children in the cars and why they permit them to cry.

She does not speak of her mother in a sarcastic way, and she shows her the loving deference that is her due.

She doesn't want to be a man and she doesn't try to imitate him by wearing stiff hats, smoking cigarettes, and using an occasional big, big D.

She doesn't say she hates women, and she has some good true friends among them.

She doesn't wear boots without their buttons or a frock that needs mending.

She doesn't scorn the use of the needle, and expects some day to make clothes for very little people who will be very dear to her.

Wanted it Good.

"Are you fond of music?" asked Mrs. Simphony of an elderly relative from the country.

"Well, yes, I am," was the careful reply; "that is, when it's good music, Lury. Now you take a good accordeon, an' a fiddle, an' a pair o' bones, an' a flute, an' let 'em all play Old Nicodemus all at the same time, an' I tell you it's sweet!"—*Harper's Bazar.*

He Had it Safely.

Mamma—You awkward boy! You have dropped your bread and butter on the floor.

Boy—That's all right, ma. Nobody will get it. I have got my foot on it.

SEAL SACQUES

No garment a lady can wear in winter combines so much of comfortable warmth, richness and elegance in appearance for so reasonable a price as does a Sealskin Sacque. Anticipating a very great rise in the price of skins we bought early, and are now prepared to show the season's styles in a great variety of shapes and prices very little in advance of last year. Remember sealskins have advanced forty per cent., and are still going up. We guarantee all our Seal Garments to be made from the best Alaska Sealskins, London dye. We invite you to call and examine them.

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Trinity Talk.

Mr. H. Fitzhugh has again returned to Trinity after a year's tour through Europe. He has, however, determined to live out of college. We trust that he will be a frequent visitor to his old haunts where he will ever receive a hearty welcome.

•

The prize for the best English essay has been awarded to H. P. Lowe, B.A. The subject of the essay was The Character of Philip II of Spain.

•

At a college meeting held in the reading room on Monday last Messrs. T. T. Norgate and J. G. Abbott were elected to fill the vacancies in the staff of the *Trinity University Review*, which were occasioned by the graduations of S. F. Houston, B.A., and H. P. Lowe, B.A., who were formerly numbered among its editors. The October number of the *Review* will appear about the 19th.

•

At the annual meeting of the Trinity College Football Club, the following were elected officers for the ensuing year: President, Rev. Prof. Boys; 1st vice-president, Prof. Symonds; 2nd vice-president, Mr. E. C. Cayley, M.A.; secretary, Mr. W. M. Loucks, B.A.; captain, Mr. G. H. Grout; committee, Messrs. W. H. White, R. C. Pringle and A. R. Martin. It was decided to commence practice at once, for wing to the late opening of college, the men have hard work to get in trim for the early matches. The outlook for the year's team is unusually favorable, as the freshmen have some capital players among their numbers.

•

Owing to the unusually large influx of freshmen, the college is in a very crowded state; in fact the resident students outnumber greatly those of any preceding year. This state of things will, happily, not occur again, for the new wing, which is progressing rapidly, is to have accommodation for thirty students, which will give everyone a chance to have a couple of comfortable rooms. The wing will also contain a physical laboratory and three lecture rooms.

•

A special meeting of the Missionary and Theological Society was held on Tuesday evening, October 15, the provost occupying the chair, when Rev. W. A. Burman, B.D., gave a most interesting description of life among the Sioux Indians, having been twelve years a missionary with this tribe. He has lately been appointed principal of a diocesan school, a short distance from Winnipeg. The first general meeting of this society will be held next week.

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The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

BRIDGLAND—At Bracebridge, on October 12, Mrs. Bridgland—a daughter.

FORIN—At Collingwood, on October 14, Mrs. Alexander Forin of West Duluth, Minn.—a daughter.

ARTHUR—At Chapleau, Ont., on October 5, Mrs. R. H. Arthur—a son.

BARBER—At Toronto, on October 12, Mrs. Wm. Barber—a daughter.

COCKBURN—At Toronto, on October 7, Mrs. Colin A. Cockburn—a son.

DIGBY—At Brantford, on October 10, Mrs. James W. Digby—a son.

JACKSON—At Toronto, on October 3, Mrs. William J. Jackson of Chicago—a son.

TATE—At Belleville, on October 6, Mrs. T. Parker Tate—a daughter.

COPLAND—At Toronto, on October 15, Mrs. John A. Copland—a son.

HOLMES—At Toronto, on October 12, Mrs. Charles E. Holmes—a daughter.

DUMBRILLE—At Hamilton, on October 13, Mrs. R. W. Dumbrille—a son.

LANGMUIR—At Toronto, on October 11, Mrs. M. Langmuir—a son.

Marriages.

HARRIS—IRELAND—At St. Simeon's Church, Lachute, on October 15, by Rev. Wm. Sanders, Rev. Wm. Harris of Grenville to Hattie R. Ireland of Lachute.

SIMPSON—SMITH—At Billing's Bridge (near Ottawa), on October 10, Robert L. Simpson of Toronto, to Bell Smith.

SHAFER—WALKER—At Aurora, Ont., on October 9, John Shafer of Falkenburg, to Lila Walker.

WETHERALD—WINTE4—At Newton, Mass., on October 10, James Taylor Wetherald of Boston, Mass., to Eliza Frilo Winter of Newton.

GRANT—WETHERALD—At Whitby, on October 10, Rev. A. drew Shaw Grant, B.D., Almonte, Ont., to Carolyne Alberta Wetherald, Richmond, Indiana.

BROWN—ABBOTT—At Toronto, on October 15, Richard S. Brown to Jennie E (Dollie) Abbott.

HEYWORTH—MORTON—At Toronto, on October 15, Albert Heyworth of Blackburn, Lancashire, England, to Mary Morton of East Toronto.

MACPHERSON—SHAW—At Buffalo, on October 15, William Macpherson of Glasgow, Scotland, to Alice Mary Shaw formerly of Toronto.

CLOUGHER—RICHARDSON—At London, England, on October 11, Rev. John B. Clougher to Constance Maud Richardson of Swansea.

OWEN—RYVES—At Toronto, on October 10, James Owen to Annie Ryves.

SMITH—RILEY—At Toronto, on October 11, J. M. Smith of Cherokee, Iowa, U.S., to S. L. H. Riley of Toronto.

WOOLFALL—MONTGOMERY—On October 14, George Woolfall of Liverpool, England, to Sarah E. Montgomery.

FERGUSON—CLARK—At Welland, on October 15, Joseph A. Ferguson of Stamford, to Sarah A. Clark of Welland.

McCARTHY—BOWELL—At Belleville, on October 15, Mr George W. McCarthy of Cleveland, O., to Miss Evelyn M. Bowell.

EKELEY—STRUTT—At Toronto, on Tuesday, October 15, Alfred Ekeley to Rose Strutt.

PATULLO—BALMER—At Brantford, on October 16, Andrew Patullo of Woodstock to Isabel Balmer of Oakville.

FORTIER—HOLT—At Toronto, on October 16, Walter Frederi k Fortier, B.A., of New Brunswick, N.J., to Josephine Alfreda Holt.

GIANELLI—GRAY—At Toronto, on October 16, Alfred W. H. Gianelli to Ella Marian Gray.

PRATT—WHITE—At St. Thomas, on October 16, Edward Courtenay Pratt, of Montreal to Edith Augusta White.

LANGMUIR—INCE—At Toronto, on October 15, J. W. Langmuir to Madge Ince.

GORDON—WILSON—At Toronto, on October 15, Gilbert Gordon, M.D., L.R.C.P. & S., to Minnie Wilson.

Deaths.

DIMMOCK—At Toronto, on October 13, Charles Dimmock of England, aged 83 years.

PARISH—At Hamilton, on October 10, Mrs. Mary Gordon McGregor Parish.

LANGSTONE—At Toronto, on October 13, Mrs. William Henry Langstone, aged 38 years.

SHEPPARD—At East York, on October 12, Thomas Sheppard, aged 85 years.

VAN BUSKIRK—At St. Thomas, on October 9, Fannie Grant Van Buskirk, aged 28 years.

WHITTON—At York Mills, on October 13, Maggie Whitton, aged 15 years.

GLYNN—At Toronto, on October 15, Hanna Glynn.

KERNS—At St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto, on October 14, Sister Mary Aneed Mary Kearns, aged 50 years.

PUDGER—At Toronto, on October 15, Harris William Pudger, aged 10 months.

BALLAH—At Alymer, on October 3, Mrs. Elizabeth Ballah, aged 53 years.

PEIRCE—At Hamilton, on October 14, Wilson D. Peirce, aged 27 years.

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RUDSTON—At Oshawa, on October 12, Mrs. Mary Fox, aged 73 years.

REDMOND—At New York, on October 10, Mrs. P. Redmond.

McLEOD—At Toronto, on October 14, Mrs Thos. McLeod.

O ROURKE—On October 12, Mrs. Anne O Rorke.

COAN—At Toronto, Francis Coan, aged 62 years.

BOWEN—At Hamilton, on October 12, Frederick James Bowen, aged 41 years.

BROOKE—At Toronto, on October 12, Mrs. Esther Brooke, aged 86 years.

LOBB—At Toronto, on October 16, Francis Lobb, aged 50 years.

DUNBAR—At Toronto, on October 16, Francis L. Dunbar, aged 28 years.

RYAN—At Toronto, Thomas Ryan, aged 59 years.

BUTCHER—At London, Ont., on October 15, Mrs. Benjamin Butcher, aged 70 years.

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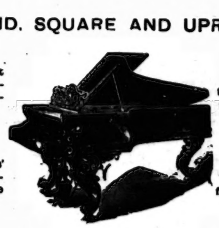

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